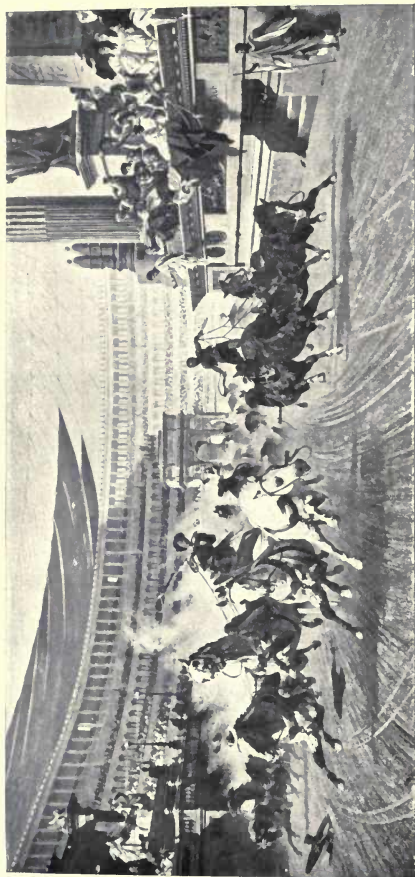






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A ROMAN CHARIOT RACE

From the painting by Prof. A. Wagner in the Manchester City Art Gallery

Peter Parley's Tales of Greece and Rome

With Eight Half-tone Plates

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"Peter Parley" was the pen-name of Samuel G. Goodrich (1793-1860), an American, whose books for children had a wide circulation in the middle of the nineteenth century.

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PETER PARLEY'S TALES

I.—ABOUT GREECE

CHAPTER I

First settlement of Greece by the Phœnicians—Inachus—Fables about Uranus—The Titans—Jupiter.

ABOUT two thousand years before the time of our Saviour, a small colony from Phœnicia arrived in the land of Greece. The Phœnicians were inhabitants of Asia Minor, and at that time had made considerable progress in the art of navigation. They appear to have been an enterprising people, and to have become acquainted with the shores of the Mediterranean Sea at an early date.

The expedition to Greece was headed by a man named Inachus. What induced him to leave his home, and seek a residence in a new country, we cannot tell. Perhaps he loved the wild forest better than towns and villages; or perhaps he had a large family, and chose to leave a well-settled country like Phœnicia, where land was dear, for an unpeopled district, where it would cost nothing; or, possibly, he was fond of hunting, and was

attracted by the herds of wild deer, which, at that early age, no doubt filled the fertile hills and valleys of Greece; or perhaps he was guilty of some crime, and was obliged to quit his country; or he might have been a man of bold spirit, who loved the excitement of daring enterprise; or he might have been ambitious, choosing rather to rule in the forests than serve in the cities. Peter Parley thinks that any one of these causes might be the real one that occasioned Inachus to settle in Greece. At all events he seems to have been a man of good judgment, for he selected the Peloponnesus as the place of his future abode. At the distance of about twenty miles from the present town of Napoli, he founded a city which he called Argos.

This is considered the period at which the Grecian history properly commences. The ancient poets have indeed furnished us with wonderful accounts of what happened at an earlier date. Peter Parley will give you a few of their wild stories. Poets usually have some truth on which to graft their high-flown descriptions, but this truth is generally so magnified and adorned with splendid fiction that you lose sight of it altogether. According to the poets, the original inhabitants of Greece lived in a savage state, wandered in the woods, without law or government, clothed themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and had no other dwellings than the rocks and caverns. Like birds and beasts, they lived on acorns, wild

fruits, and the raw flesh of animals. Sometimes they did not hesitate to devour their prisoners taken in war.

But at length Uranus came from Egypt, or Phœnicia, and settled in Greece. He became king of the country, and had a large family, who were giants, and were called Titans. These rebelled against their father, and, after a great deal of terrible fighting, dethroned him, and Saturn, one of his sons, reigned in his stead. Dreading lest he should be treated in the same manner by his own children, Saturn ordered them to be shut up, or put to death immediately after their birth; but Jupiter was concealed by his mother, and sent to Crete, where he was educated.

Jupiter at length returned, deposed his father Saturn, and succeeded to the throne. The Titans were jealous of him, and declared war against him, but were soon vanquished and expelled from Greece. He then divided his dominions with his brothers Pluto and Neptune. The countries which he reserved to himself he governed with great wisdom; he had his palace and held his court on Mount Olympus.

Such are the tales handed down to us by the ancient poets, respecting the history of Greece, previous to the arrival of Inachus. We, of course, know that for the most part they are mere fables. But it is probable that they are founded in truth. We may suppose that Uranus was one of the early princes of the country, and that his sons were such

bold and daring warriors as to acquire, in after ages, the name and fame of giants.

The story of Jupiter is not incredible, and we may easily believe it. That the Greeks themselves held these traditions to be genuine seems to be evident; for they at length became worshippers of Jupiter, and imagined that he ruled in heaven over the gods, as he had ruled over men on earth. They even fancied that he held his celestial court upon Mount Olympus, and, though surrounded by a multitude of gods and goddesses, was still superior to them all in dignity and power.

CHAPTER II

Settlement of Athens—Sparta—Corinth—Thebes—Story of Cadmus—Argonautic expedition—Legend of the Golden Fleece—Story of Theseus—Fable of the Minotaur—Attica—Athens.

WHATEVER degree of credit we may attach to the traditions of the early poets of Greece, it appears certain that the enterprise of Inachus was successful, and that his colony became firmly established in Greece. He appears to have ruled over the people during his lifetime, and his successors possessed the government for more than three hundred years.

During this long period, the other inhabitants of Greece continued in a barbarous state, and it was not till the year 1556 before Christ, when Athens was founded by Cecrops, a native of Egypt,

that any permanent improvement took place in their condition.

This individual appears to have been a man of knowledge and wisdom. He brought with him a colony of his countrymen, and built twelve small cities or villages, of which Athens was one. He gave laws to the wild nations of Greece, whom he divided into twelve tribes, and instituted marriage among them.

From this period the history of Greece becomes more certain, but only a few principal events have come down to us from antiquity. The settlement of Cecrops appears to have flourished in a remarkable degree, and, as I shall show hereafter, became the most illustrious of all the Grecian states. Sparta, or Lacedæmon, was founded by an Egyptian named Lelex, in the year 1520 B.C. He became its king, and the government remained in his family for many years. It received its name of Lacedæmon from its fourth king.

Corinth appears to have been founded in 1520 B.C., and was for a time subject to Argos; but Sysiphus, a cruel and rapacious man, took possession of it in 1514 B.C., and became its ruler.

The city of Thebes was founded by Cadmus, in the year 1500 before Christ. His story, as told by the poets, is not uninteresting. It seems he was son of Agenor, King of Phœnicia. At this time Jupiter was looked upon as a god, but instead of setting good examples to the people, he appears to have been guilty of almost every kind of wicked-

ness. Among other base acts, he seized upon the sister of Cadmus, whose name was Europa, and bore her away beyond the reach of her parents.

Anxious for the return of his daughter, the old man told his son to go in search of her, and never to return without her. Obedient to the paternal command, he set forth, and for a long period diligently sought by sea and land for his sister.

But at length, despairing of success, and afraid to return to his father, he went to Greece. He arrived there about the year 1419 B.C., and was the first who introduced the knowledge of letters into the country. It would seem that he was a kind of schoolmaster, and taught the people to read and write. After occupying himself in this way for some time, he built Thebes, as before stated.

I have thus told you the origin of the most celebrated states of Greece. They appear to have been small at the outset, but they gradually assumed importance, and, in after-ages, acquired immortal fame. After the events last noticed, nothing of particular interest seems to have occurred till 1263 B.C. At this period, an expedition was undertaken to Colchis, in Asia Minor.

What was the particular object of this enterprise is not known. The poets, as usual, have embellished the story with so many fictions that it is not easy to discover the exact truth. The expedition was commanded by Jason, and so great was the interest excited by it throughout Greece

that the most celebrated captains of the age were anxious to be engaged in it.

Among them was Hercules, a man of great strength; Theseus, celebrated for his valour; and other heroes of equal renown. No less than fifty-four of these men embarked in Jason's ship alone.

This vessel was called Argo, and thence the adventure has been called the Argonautic expedition. After some vicissitudes, the heroes arrived at Colchis. Whether they were well or ill received by the king does not appear, but Medea, his daughter, fell in love with Jason, and through her assistance he was enabled to obtain the objects of his voyage.

This expedition, though at the present day it may seem trifling and unimportant, was looked upon in that age as of the highest consequence, and, in after-times, the Grecian poets appear to have taken particular delight in making it the theme of their songs. Among many fictions to which it has given rise is that of the Golden Fleece.

According to this story, Phryxus and Helle, son and daughter of the king of Thebes, were destined by an oracle to be sacrificed to the gods. To avoid this fate, they resolved to escape to Colchis; the king of that country, whose name was *Ætes*, being their uncle. Some friendly deity aided them in their flight, by sending them a ram whose fleece and wings were of gold.

As they were about to be sacrificed, this creature

took them upon his back, carried them swiftly through the air, and would, no doubt, have landed them in safety at Colchis; but Helle, who was not accustomed to such rides in the air, became giddy, and, losing her seat, fell into the sea below. For this reason, that part of the sea was called Hellespont, a name which it retained for ages after, and which is still often given to it.

Phryxus reached Colchis without accident, and, in gratitude for his preservation, sacrificed the ram and dedicated the golden fleece to Jupiter. He soon after married the daughter of Ætes; but his father-in-law envied him the possession of the fleece, and murdered him to obtain it. It has been supposed by some writers that Jason, who was a relative of Phryxus, went to Colchis to avenge his death, and bring back the golden fleece. It is possible there might have been some pretext of this sort, but the real object, doubtless, was to obtain plunder, and gratify a love of bold enterprise, which was common in that age. From this tale of the flying ram, you will be prepared to hear a great many fabulous stories respecting Greece.

After his return from Colchis, Theseus, whose father was King of Athens, succeeded to the throne. This was an event very gratifying to the people, for he had acquired a very enviable reputation. When he was a young man, Athens was subject to a very disgraceful tribute to Minos, King of Crete. This obliged the people, annually, to send seven girls and seven youths to that monarch, who,

on their arrival, were doomed to a miserable slavery.

When the selection of these unhappy victims was to be made, a general sadness prevailed through the community of Athens, and those upon whom the lot fell shrunk with horror from the dreadful doom. Theseus, anxious to abate these feelings of dread, offered himself as a voluntary sacrifice, and was sent with the other victims to Minos.

His fame had already reached the ears of Minos, who respected his virtues, and this respect was converted into admiration, on beholding the Athenian prince a voluntary captive. Minos received him with kindness, and treated him with the greatest hospitality, gave him his daughter Ariadne in marriage, and declared the Athenians, henceforth, free from a contribution equally cruel and ignominious.

The poets have given a different account of this affair, which, however fabulous, is not uninteresting. Their story is, that the Athenian captives were always devoured by a dreadful monster called the Minotaur, who dwelt in a labyrinth, which consisted of many winding passages, so artfully contrived that whoever once entered the building could never find his way out.

On his arrival at Crete, Theseus was put into the labyrinth. But Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, having fallen in love with him, had furnished him with a skein of thread, one end of which he fastened at the entrance. At length he met with the

monster, and slew him after a violent struggle. By following back the thread he was able to find his way to the entrance of the labyrinth. Thus, by his courage and prowess, he redeemed the intended victims from the power of the Minotaur, and returned to Greece.

No sooner was Theseus placed at the head of the state, than he devoted himself to the improvement of the condition of his subjects. In the year 1257 B.C. he united the twelve cities of Attica under one government, and gave them a common constitution; thus laying the foundation of the future grandeur of the state. He introduced new regulations, enacted new laws, and enforced them with impartiality and mildness.

He increased the population of Athens by his liberality and justice; gave additional solemnity to the ceremonies of religion; established a court of justice, and gave greater liberty to his subjects than they had hitherto enjoyed. The entire control of the armies he reserved to himself. The fame which he gained by his victories and policy made his alliance courted by all the neighbouring powers.

So great was the regard of the Athenians for Theseus, that, after his death, they erected a splendid temple to his memory, which is still to be seen at Athens.

This temple abounded in stately columns, and was enriched with a great profusion of sculpture of the choicest kind. Battles with the Centaurs were

the principal subjects. These monsters, half men and half horses, were exhibited in all the attitudes of the most violent contention. Rocks were hurled by the combatants in every direction, and the dying and the dead were finely represented.

Note.—The reader will understand that Attica was a small district, or independent state, in which Athens was situated, and of which it was by far the largest city.

CHAPTER III

First war of Thebes—War of the Epigonoi—Story of Helen
—Trojan War—The Iliad of Homer.

It was about this time that great difficulties occurred at Thebes. That city had now risen to importance, and was governed by Œdipus, a descendant of Cadmus. His two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, appear to have been bad men, and finally brought their unhappy father to his grave by their disputes and quarrels. After his death they mutually agreed to sway by turns the Theban sceptre, and to reign alternately each a year.

Eteocles, the elder brother, first ascended the throne, but when the year had expired he refused to yield the crown to his brother, as had been agreed between them. Polynices solicited the aid of Adrastus, King of Argos, who gave him his daughter in marriage, and enabled him to assert by force his claims to the throne.

He marched against Thebes with a strong army, headed by seven famous generals. Eteocles selected as many leaders to oppose them. After much blood had been shed in skirmishes, the Thebans, impatient of confinement within their walls, marched out and repelled the assailants by a vigorous sally, in which the most illustrious combatants fell on both sides. The two brothers met in the field, and were slain by wounds mutually inflicted upon each other.

The dead bodies were consumed by fire; and it is said that the ashes of the two miserable brothers separated themselves on the burning pile, as if, after death, sensible of resentment, and hostile to reconciliation. But this part of the story is a mere fiction.

These events occurred in the year 1225 B.C.; but the troubles of Thebes were not yet ended. Ten years only had elapsed, when the sons of the commanders who had fallen during the siege of Thebes renewed the quarrels of their fathers, and gave rise to the second war of Thebes, or the war of the Epigonoï. The latter were assisted by the people of Corinth, Messenia, Arcadia, and Megara.

The Thebans engaged all their neighbours in the strife. The two armies met on the banks of the river Glissus; after an obstinate fight, victory declared in favour of the Epigonoï. Thebes was besieged, and compelled to surrender.

The victors destroyed the lives and property of many of the inhabitants, carried some into captivity, and compelled the remainder to acknowledge the

infant son of Polynices as their king. It is said that Homer, a famous poet of whom I shall tell you more by and by, wrote an admirable poem upon this war, which, however, is lost.

The greater part of southern Greece was now settled; the inhabitants were numerous, and some advances had been made towards civilization; but the country was divided into a great many separate and independent states or cities, among whom quarrels and disputes often arose.

These often resulted in wars, which kept alive a military spirit, and led the people to look upon martial deeds with the most lively interest. A great fighter was more honoured than one of great wisdom, and to have slain a great many persons in battle entitled a man to the fame of a hero.

It was at this period that a cause of war arose, which induced the Grecian states, for the first time, to unite and act in concert. It appears that Helen, daughter of Tyndarus, King of Lacedæmon, was so universally admired, even in her infancy, that Theseus, with his friend Pirithous, carried her away by force in the tenth year of her age. Her brothers Castor and Pollux recovered her in safety. This occurrence gave her celebrity, and as her beauty increased with her age, her hand was solicited by all the young princes of Greece.

Tyndarus was rather alarmed than pleased at seeing such a number of illustrious suitors to his daughter. He knew that by preferring one he should displease the rest. At last Ulysses, who

began already to be distinguished in Greece for his sagacity, relieved him from his perplexity.

This prince, abandoning all hope of obtaining Helen himself, offered to extricate Tyndarus from his difficulties, if he would give him his niece Penelope in marriage. Tyndarus consented, and Ulysses advised the king to bind all the suitors by a solemn oath to approve of the choice which Helen should make from among them.

He, at the same time, recommended him to engage them all to unite together to defend her person against any attempts to take her from the arms of her husband. This advice was followed; the princes gave their assent, and Helen fixed her choice upon Menelaus, and married him.

After this, Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, the handsomest man of his age, came to Lacedæmon, on pretence of sacrificing to Apollo. He was kindly received by Menelaus, who treated him with great hospitality; but, in the absence of that prince on a voyage to Crete, he gained the affection of his wife, Helen, and persuaded her to return with him to Troy, 1198 B.C.

At his return, Menelaus reminded the princes of their promise and claimed their assistance; they therefore sent ambassadors to the Trojans, to demand the restitution of Helen, which was refused. They then resolved to make war against Troy, assembled their forces, and sailed for the coast of Asia.

The armament of the Greeks amounted to about

one thousand ships, carrying not less than one hundred thousand men, under the command of Agamemnon. The Trojans, assisted by the princes of Asia Minor, Assyria, and Thrace, assembled a more numerous force to oppose their invaders.

After a protracted siege of ten years, during which many sanguinary battles were fought, and the best and bravest of both armies slain, Troy was taken, pillaged, and burnt to the ground. Not a vestige of its ruins remains at the present day. The poets suppose that the Greeks made themselves masters of the city by stratagem. Their account is, that a large wooden horse was erected, which was secretly filled with armed men. The Greek army was then led away from the plains, as if on their return home.

The Trojans, supposing that the Greeks had gone, brought the wooden horse within the walls, and placed it in the centre of their city. In the night, the Greeks came out of it, opened the gates to their companions, who had returned, and made themselves masters of the city.

It is most probable that the place was betrayed by some of the Trojans. Most of the citizens perished by the sword, or were carried into captivity. The story of this extraordinary siege, as told by Homer in the *Iliad*, is interesting in the highest degree, and constitutes the best poem written in ancient times.

CHAPTER IV

Hercules—Stories of him—The Heraclidæ—Establishment of numerous colonies—Story of Codrus—Abolition of kingly government at Athens.

I HAVE mentioned Hercules as one of the heroes who accompanied Jason in the Argonautic expedition. He was a man of prodigious strength, and the Greek poets have delighted to embellish his story with extravagant fictions. It is pleasant enough to read these tales, for they display the fancy of the ancient poets, as well as the taste of the people who relished their productions.

It is said that, even while an infant in his cradle, Juno, the wife of Jupiter, sent two snakes for the purpose of killing him. His little brother was near him at the time, but he ran away in the greatest terror, while Hercules caught the snakes in his hands and instantly squeezed them to death. I cannot tell you all the marvellous actions that are attributed to this hero; a few of the most remarkable will be sufficient.

It appears that there was a terrible lion, in the country near Mycenæ where Hercules lived, which threw the inhabitants into the greatest consternation. Hercules determined to kill him, and accordingly went to the place which he frequented. He first assailed him with arrows, but these being of no avail, he attacked him with his club.

The lion retreated, and Hercules followed him to

his den. Here the monster struggled for his life, but our hero succeeded in getting his arms round his neck, and by his prodigious strength, choked him to death.

Another exploit of Hercules was the killing the monster with seven heads, called the Lernæan Hydra. The particular manners and habits of this beast are not revealed to us, but he seems to have been exceedingly dreaded by the people of the neighbourhood. After some skirmishes, Hercules came to close quarters with him, and beat off two or three of his heads with his club. But what was his astonishment to perceive that the heads grew out again as fast as they were knocked off!

He was a good deal puzzled at this, as I dare say you would have been in such a case, but one of his friends, Jolas, being at hand, Hercules sent him for a red-hot iron, and directed him to sear the places over with it as fast as he beat off the heads. This prevented them from growing again, and the whole seven being beaten off, the monster died.

These will be enough to give you some idea of the wonderful actions attributed to Hercules, and which induced the Greeks, after his death, to worship him as a hero. At the present day, we reverence men of superior virtue and wisdom; but in the comparatively barbarous age of which I have been speaking, divine honours were rendered to one whose chief excellence lay in great bodily strength.

It is proper to make another reflection here as to

the manner in which the Greek religion or mythology was formed. In the first place, these marvellous deeds attributed to Hercules were fanciful inventions of the poets, and, for the most part, altogether destitute of truth. Yet they, at length, came to be received as realities, and, consequently, Hercules was regarded as a divinity.

Falsehood as well as absurdity therefore lay at the foundation of the Grecian faith. They worshipped a man, merely because he could lift a greater weight, or strike a harder blow than another; and further, the evidence to prove his ability to do this was derived from poets, who did not even pretend to tell the truth.

But I must now leave fables, and tell you history. Hercules, who was a Mycenian prince, was for some reason or other banished with all his family from his country, and the throne was possessed by an usurper.

His descendants, called Heraclidæ, after a century had elapsed, that is about the year 1104 B.C., returned to Peloponnesus, subdued their enemies, and took possession of Mycenæ, Argos, and Lacedæmon. A long period of civil war and bloodshed succeeded, and Greece, divided among a number of petty tyrants, suffered equally the miseries of oppression and civil discord. The difficulties of the times drove many of the Greeks from home, who sought an asylum in other countries, and founded many important colonies.

Some of these were established in Asia Minor,

some in Egypt, and some in Italy. At the same time most of the islands in the Egean and Ionian seas became inhabited. These settlements, being left to themselves, formed free governments, and, therefore, advanced so rapidly as soon to surpass their parent states in wealth and splendour.

These latter being ruled by despots, the enterprise and industry of the people were checked, and their improvement was greatly retarded. Convinced at length that their system of government was wrong, several of the Greek states prepared to throw off the yoke of despotism. Athens and Thebes were the first to set the example, and the rest at length followed. These things happened about the year 1070 B.C., not far from the time that David slew Goliath.

An interesting story of Codrus, the last king of Athens, is handed down by the historians. When the Heraclidæ made war against Athens, one of the oracles, in which the Grecians placed great confidence, and which they were accustomed to consult on important occasions, declared that victory would be granted to them provided they abstained from injuring the Athenian king.

Codrus was a man of noble soul, and preferred the happiness of his country to everything else. Accordingly, he determined to sacrifice his life in order to secure success to the Athenians. With this view, he dressed himself as a common person, and entered the enemy's camp. He provoked a quarrel with a soldier, and was immediately slain.

The Heraclidæ soon discovered that they had killed the Athenian king, and, knowing they had violated the condition upon which the oracle promised them success, they became alarmed, and discontinued the war.

It is delightful, amid the battles and bloodshed which history presents to us, to meet with instances of pure and noble feeling. The Greeks appear, indeed, to have been a people peculiarly susceptible of generous sentiments, and it is remarkable that in every age they have, in this respect, possessed the same character. This is the more creditable, as in countries more civilized and more enlightened, instances of disinterested patriotism are exceedingly rare.

I hope you will never cease to admire the noble actions of generous men. I hope, too, you will always cultivate in your own breasts, pure and lofty feelings, and despise narrow and selfish views.

The Athenians appear to have thought much of the noble conduct of Codrus, for they declared that none but Jupiter, their chief deity, was worthy to be the successor of such a king. Accordingly they abolished royalty altogether, and instituted a new system of government in which the magistrates were elected by the people. The chief officer was called archon; and Medon, the son of Codrus, was first chosen to that office. It was after this, as I have before told you, that the other states of Greece exchanged their despotic institutions for others approaching to freedom.

CHAPTER V

Government of Sparta—Lycurgus—His history—Political system—Voluntary death.

WE must now turn our attention to Sparta. It appears that, at the time of which I have just been speaking, this country possessed a monarchical form of government of a very singular kind. The crown was divided between the two sons of Aristodemus, Eurysthenes and Procles. These two kings reigned jointly, and this double despotism, transmitted to the descendants of each, continued in the separate branches of the family for three centuries.

It is scarcely possible that such a system should fail to produce disunion and anarchy. Accordingly the inhabitants of Sparta continued to experience all the evils which flowed from the frequent quarrels between their kings. It was not until nearly two centuries had elapsed, during which they had suffered the greatest misery from the selfishness of their rulers, that they resolved upon a change in their system.

It was in the year 884 B.C. that Lycurgus, a man alike distinguished for his abilities and virtues, was charged with the important duty of reforming the government of Sparta. It will be interesting to know the history of this remarkable man. I will therefore give you the particulars of it, for I love to hold up a model of virtue for your imitation.

He was the tenth in descent from Hercules, and received the sceptre of Sparta on the death of his brother Polydectes. He might have continued king, as his sister-in-law offered to kill the only son of that prince as soon as he was born, if he would promise to marry her. Lycurgus affected to comply with her wishes, but that he might save the child, he desired her to send her son to him as soon as he was born.

Accordingly, the boy was sent to his uncle. Lycurgus was at supper with a large party when the babe arrived. He instantly took it into his arms, and holding it up to the view of his countrymen, exclaimed: "Spartans, behold your king!" The child was recognized as their sovereign by the Spartans, and Lycurgus, relinquishing the throne, governed the kingdom as Protector during the young prince's minority.

Notwithstanding the reputation for probity which he gained by this transaction, the intrigues of the disappointed queen raised a powerful faction against him, which induced him to retire, and gratify his inclination for visiting foreign countries.

He first went to the isle of Crete, which was then famous for its laws and government, and for the perfection to which its inhabitants had carried the arts. From them the Greeks had derived their knowledge of navigation, and many of their legal institutions.

From Crete he sailed to Egypt and carefully examined the civil and religious systems of that

ancient kingdom. After this he passed into Asia, where he still acquired new information. Here he found the poems of Homer, which he collected and brought home with him. He returned to the coast of Asia Minor, and visited the flourishing Greek colonies, which had attained great splendour on the western shore of that peninsula.

On his return, he immediately set about reforming the government of his country; a design which he had long had in view. Conscious, however, of the magnitude of his undertaking, he went first to consult the oracle of Apollo, at Delphi. Here he met with a most favourable reception.

He was saluted by the priestess, who officiated at the oracle, as the friend of the gods, and rather as a divine than a human being. He was told that the gods had heard his prayers, and approved of his plan; he was also assured that the commonwealth he was going to establish would be the most excellent and durable on earth. Strengthened by such authority, he proceeded in the great work of reform.

Happily, the prejudice of the Spartans, which had induced Lycurgus to leave his country, had now subsided. Convinced of his great wisdom, knowledge, and virtue, they welcomed him on his return, and cheerfully committed to him the important trust of forming a new system of government for them.

To estimate the labours of Lycurgus, we must consider that we are speaking of events that took

place more than two thousand seven hundred years ago. We must remember also that notwithstanding the progress that had been made in Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor, in the arts of civilization, their systems of government were still very imperfect.

Many simple truths now universally understood, such as the following: the great end of government should be to make the people happy; all men have an equal right to the protection of the laws, and every individual is, by the intention of Providence, entitled to civil and political and religious liberty—these, and a multitude of other plain maxims, were then hidden from the wisest nations of the earth.

It will not be necessary for me to lay before you the whole system of Lycurgus; it will be sufficient to mention some of its leading features. He instituted an elective senate of twenty-eight members, whose office was to preserve a just balance between the power of the kings and that of the people.

Nothing could come before the assembly of the people which had not previously received the consent of the senate; and, on the other hand, no judgment of the senate was effectual without the sanction of the people.

The king retained his hereditary honours, but relinquished his despotic powers. He presided in the senate, and was the general of the republic; but he could plan no enterprise without the consent

of a council of citizens. He had the chief seat in every public assembly; in voting, he was allowed first to give his opinion; he received strangers and ambassadors, and overlooked public buildings and highways. In war, he received his orders from the senate.

The senators were chosen, for life, from among the noblest and most virtuous citizens. They were not considered fit to act till they were sixty years of age. They formed the court of judicature from which there was an appeal to the people, who had also a nominal share in the government. These had their greater and lesser assemblies of citizens, which were called together by order of the senate, and in which they could ratify or reject the subject proposed.

This distribution of power between the king, the senate, and the people, was accompanied by a division of the lands. Each citizen received a small estate, just sufficient to support him in a frugal manner. Lycurgus also attempted to divide the movable property, consisting of furniture and other things, in a similar way, but the rich people would not consent to this.

It was a maxim with Lycurgus that industry and frugality are the chief sources of virtue and happiness, and that luxury is the bane of society. With these views he now sought to regulate the manners of the people.

To prevent individuals from becoming rich by amassing heaps of gold and silver, he ordered that

money should no longer be made of these metals, but that it should be made of iron. As foreigners who came to trade at Sparta would not receive this iron money, the Spartans themselves began to despise it, and kept no more than was required by their necessities.

Thus the means of acquiring wealth were neglected, extravagance and luxury were banished from the land, and the habits of temperance and frugality prevailed throughout the state.

Another regulation was, that all men should eat in a common hall at public tables; and that these tables should be served with the plainest food. Lest strangers should attempt to corrupt the citizens, they were ordered to leave the place. These regulations were by no means pleasing to the rich people in Sparta. They gradually became the enemies of Lycurgus, and took every opportunity to insult him.

On one occasion a young man, in a fit of rage, struck him with a stick and put out his eye. Instead of resenting this, the noble-minded Spartan treated the young man with kindness, and induced him to become his attendant. Humbled by this generous treatment, and taught by the example of his master, the youth learned to subdue his passions, and afterwards became an example of wisdom and virtue. I love to tell you of such things as these.

The public tables were supplied by the inhabitants, who were required to send in their provisions

once a month. No man was allowed to be absent from the common meals. No rude conversation was permitted at these tables, and no boisterous discussion was allowed; each person endeavoured to deliver his sentiments as clearly and concisely as possible.

Secrecy was also strictly enjoined at these meals. As soon as a young man entered the room, the oldest man present used to say to him, pointing to the door: "Nothing spoken here must go out there". In time, these public dinners became very agreeable to the Spartans, and sources of intellectual enjoyment were found in the discourses which enlivened them. Even the children were carried to them as to a school of temperance and wisdom.

At seven years of age, the Spartan children were taken from their parents and placed at the public schools. Their discipline there was little else than an apprenticeship to hardship, self-denial, and obedience. In the classes, one of the boys more advanced and experienced than the rest acted as captain, to govern and chastise the rebellious. Their sports and exercises were regulated according to the severest discipline, and made up of labour and fatigue. They went barefoot, with their heads shaved, and fought with one another naked.

Every institution seemed calculated to harden the body and sharpen the mind for war. In order to prepare them for stratagems and sudden incursions, the boys were permitted to steal from each other; but if they were caught in the act, they

were punished for their want of dexterity. Though Lycurgus was a wise man, he was not always right. I advise you not to put in practice the Spartan permission to steal, and if you want a good reason for this advice I will give it you; the sixth commandment says: "Thou shalt not steal".

Such were some of the features belonging to the political system of Lycurgus; many parts of it were excellent, and display the greatest wisdom. Some of its principles have descended from that remote age, and are now actually incorporated into the existing constitutions of Europe and America. But it is marked with singular defects, and, on the whole, seems only fitted to make a nation of soldiers.

The state of society in Sparta after its establishment shows its effect upon the people. The Spartan women were bold and masculine, but very patriotic; and the men, though brave, hardy, and patient of fatigue, possessed none of the kinder feelings of humanity or mercy. They treated their slaves, of which they had great numbers, with the utmost rigour, and often killed them for mere sport. All deformed and weakly children, who were deemed unfit for a future life of vigour and usefulness, were exposed to perish in a cavern near Mount Taygetus. I dare say that you will not think the better of Lycurgus for this cruel custom—it will show that good and evil were mingled in Spartan laws.

When he had completed his code, Lycurgus told the Spartans that he was going away, and accord-

ingly he bound them by a solemn oath to obey his laws till his return. He then left the city, and went again to consult the oracle at Delphi. He received the answer that nothing was now necessary to complete the glory and happiness of his country.

Having thus finished the great object to which his life for many years had been devoted, he sent the answer of the oracle to Sparta, and, resolving never to release the people from their oath by returning to the city, voluntarily starved himself to death.

This act of devotion to the good of his country, led the Spartans to look upon his character with reverence, and to regard his laws as if they came from the hand of a deity. They therefore continued to observe them; and for ages after, the Spartan character, formed by his institutions, was distinguished for bravery and hardihood in war, for stern patriotism, for a love of frugality, and for a severity which never yielded to the softer sentiments of compassion and mercy.

CHAPTER VI

About the first Messenian war—The Second—Story of Aristomenes
—Draco—Solon—Pisistratus—State of Greece.

A FEW years after the death of Lycurgus, difficulties arose between the Spartans and their neighbours

the Messenians. War soon followed, and a bitter strife continued between them for twenty years. Each party was by turns successful, but at length Aristodemus, the Messenian general, despairing of his country's cause, put an end to his existence. With him fell the kingdom of Messenia, which from that time became subject to Sparta. This was called the first Messenian war.

When the Messenians had been tributaries for thirty-nine years, they resolved to throw off the Spartan yoke, and thus gave rise to the second Messenian war, about the year 685 B.C. The people of Arcadia and Argos gave their assistance, and Aristomenes commanded the united forces. In three successive battles they were victorious over the Spartan army. But in a fourth engagement they were betrayed and defeated.

Aristomenes was taken prisoner with other Messenians, and thrown into a deep cavern. He was the only individual not killed by the fall. The Lacedæmonians were accustomed to treat the worst malefactors in this manner. What must Aristomenes have felt in being hurled down to such a dreadful place! There he lay in that horrid charnel-house, as far as he could get from the putrid bodies around him, wrapped up in his cloak. He had still his armour on his body and legs, but that was of no use to him. After remaining in this dismal place for two days, he perceived a fox eating one of the dead bodies near him; he seized the animal by the tail, and followed him, until he

came to a small crevice, through which he forced himself, and escaped.

When Aristomenes returned to his country, he was received by the inhabitants with the utmost enthusiasm and joy. He immediately placed himself at the head of the Messenian forces, and attacked the enemy with the greatest bravery and success. But he could not avert the ruin of his country. The fortress of Ira, in which he was at length obliged to take refuge, was overcome by treachery, and the whole territory of Messenia was annexed to the Spartan republic. Thus ended the second Messenian war, 668 B.C.

But in pursuing the Spartan history, we must not forget Athens. The first archon, or ruler, you remember, was the son of Codrus, and became chief magistrate by the choice of the people in 1068 B.C. The office was, at first, hereditary, and continued so for more than three centuries. It was afterwards reduced to a period of ten years, and finally became annual. At this time the number of archons was increased from one to nine, who were chosen from the most respectable families in the state. Yet the people derived little advantage from these changes, and frequent disturbances agitated the community.

With a view to removing the existing evils, one of the archons, named Draco, projected a reform in the government. Accordingly he devised a code of laws, which, however, were so severe that they were said to be written in blood. Idleness, as well

as murder, was punished with death, and when Draco was asked to give his reason for this, he replied that the smallest crimes deserve death, and that there is no higher punishment for the greatest.

It is strange that such a man as this could be a favourite with the Athenians; yet so it was. One night, as he entered the theatre, the people received him with great applause, and, according to their custom, threw their garments upon him to attest their regard. Such was the eagerness of every man to participate in doing him honour that Draco sank beneath the weight of the clothes, and was smothered to death.

The excessive rigour of Draco's laws prevented their execution, and the country was soon brought to a state of anarchy. In this distressing condition of the commonwealth, application was made to Solon for advice and assistance.

This individual was a native of Salamis, an island dependent on Athens; he was esteemed the wisest and most just man among his countrymen; his great learning had acquired him the reputation of being the first of the seven wise men of Greece, and his humanity procured him the love and veneration of every rank among his fellow-citizens. As he never sided with any party, he was considered the refuge of all; the rich liked him because he was rich, and the poor because he was honest.

Solon commenced his reform in the year 594 B.C.

He first abolished the laws of Draco, and then proceeded to establish a system which was designed to protect the poor from the oppression of the rich and secure an equitable administration of justice. Having finished his task, he induced the Athenians to bind themselves by oath to an observance of his laws for one hundred years. He then departed for Egypt, and employed himself in travelling through foreign countries.

Notwithstanding the wise institutions and mild laws of Solon, Athens became a prey to faction and tumult. In the midst of these disturbances, Pisistratus, an ambitious man, sought to elevate himself to the dignity of king. He flattered the people, and, professing to be their champion, drew the giddy multitude into his snares.

At length Solon returned, after an absence of ten years, and, perceiving the artful design of Pisistratus, he endeavoured to open the eyes of the people to their danger; but, as if willing to be cheated, they refused his counsel, and placed their confidence in the artful demagogue. Having cut his flesh in various places with his own hand, Pisistratus showed the wounds to his fellow-citizens, told them he had been assaulted, and that his life was in danger. He therefore begged them to grant him a guard of fifty men.

Solon appeared before them, disclosed to them the real design of this artful scheme, and earnestly besought them to reject the proposal. But they would not listen to this great and good man, and

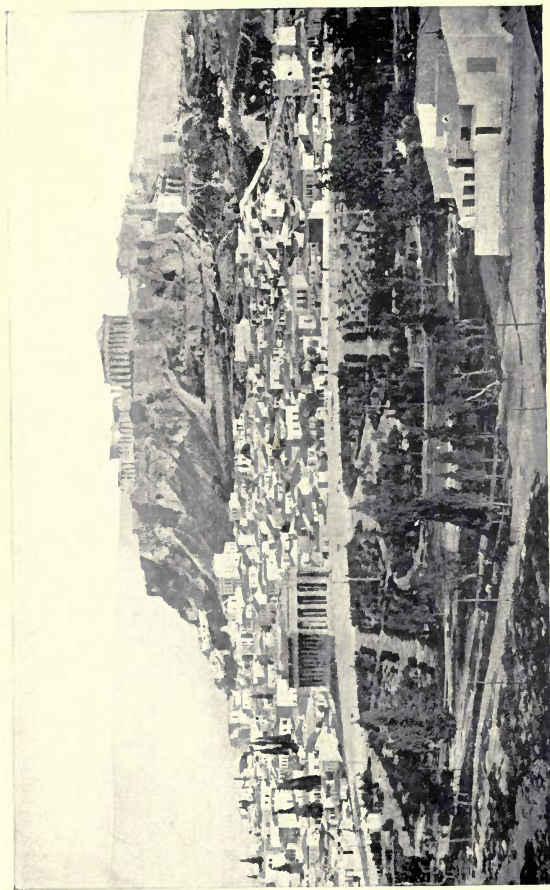
in their folly granted the request of Pisistratus. This sealed their fate, for having now obtained a guard of soldiers, he was soon able to increase their number, and in a short time took possession of the citadel.

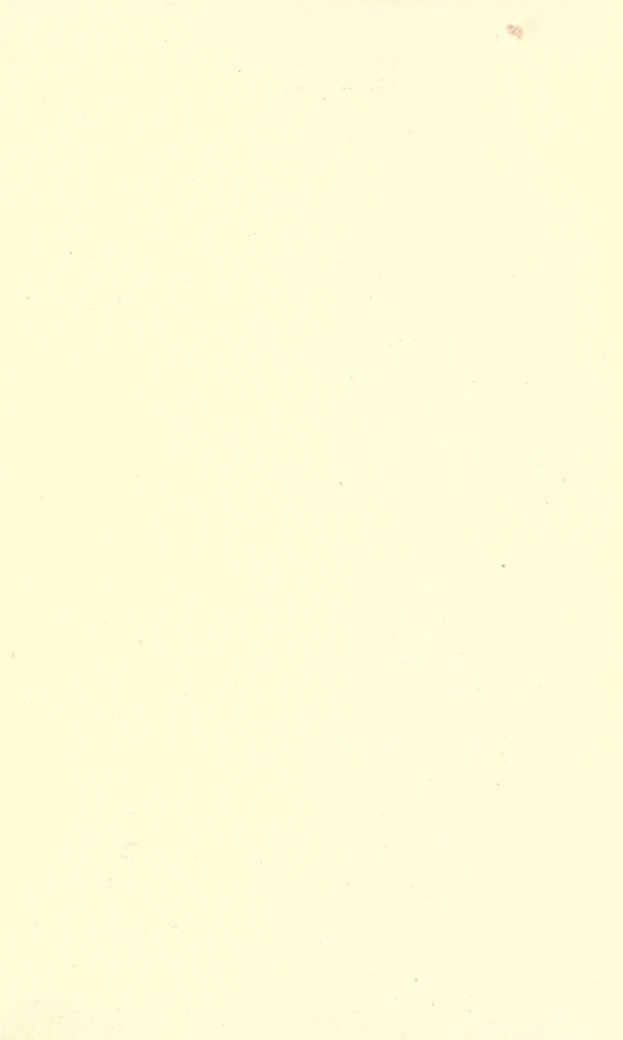
The city was now thrown into the most dreadful state of confusion and anarchy, and it was not until after many struggles that Pisistratus was able to establish himself upon the throne. Contrary to what might have been expected, the usurper proved a mild and just ruler. He gave effect to the institutions of Solon, and by his example taught the people obedience to the laws.

He encouraged the fine arts, promoted learning, and was the first who ever established a public library in Athens. Under his government the city flourished, and the people forgot the wicked means by which their sovereign obtained his power, in the prosperity that seemed to flow from his administration.

Pisistratus at length died, and his crown descended to his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus. These individuals seemed to possess all their father's good qualities, as well as his vices. Like him they encouraged learning, and by their agreeable manners attracted to their court the finest poets of Greece. Under these circumstances, the society of Athens rapidly advanced in taste and refinement.

But, fortunate as the reign of Hippias and Hipparchus seemed to be for a time, it was destined to a speedy termination. After enjoying





their authority for eighteen years, two friends named Harmodius and Aristogiton, incited by some injury one of them had received from Hipparchus, resolved to destroy the two kings, or sacrifice their own lives in the attempt. Hipparchus was killed, and the people, roused to assert their freedom, compelled Hippias to leave the city. The monarchy was now abolished, and Athens was once more restored to liberty. This event occurred in the year 510 B.C.

Let us now pause a moment in our story, and contemplate the state of Greece at this period. Athens and Sparta were now the two leading states; but nothing could be more unlike than the manners and habits of the two nations. That we may better form an opinion of these rival cities, let us carry our imagination back to that remote age, and fancy that we pay them a visit, while the streets are yet peopled with the living and breathing multitude.

Let us first go to Athens, which is the capital of Attica. We shall enter a bay called the Piræus, which is the chief harbour of the city; and, after landing, shall pass through several little villages before we reach the town. The distance from the bay is five miles. We shall perceive that Athens consists of two parts, the upper and lower town. The former appears to be a fortress surrounded by a wall sixteen miles in circumference. Within this is a citadel, called the Acropolis, mentioned before; and many magnificent edifices, temples, palaces,

halls, columns, and statues of glittering marble fill the eye with amazement and delight.

Among these we can distinguish one structure more sublime than the rest; this can be no other than the Parthenon, which, in its original strength and beauty, promises to set at nought the crumbling hand of time.

As we pass through the lower town, we shall find a people of dark hair, swarthy complexion, and quick flashing eyes. We shall perceive that the houses are without chimneys, and consist sometimes of stone, sometimes of brick, and sometimes of mud. We shall observe that a large proportion of the inhabitants are slaves, many of whom bear the marks of great misery.

As we ascend into the upper town, we shall perceive that we are approaching the abodes of the rich, the luxurious, and the refined. If we visit the various places of public amusement, and the schools of the philosophers; go to the halls of debate, and listen to the orators; study the works of art, and mix with society, we shall at length comprehend the true character and genius of this extraordinary people. We shall perceive that they possess a quick imagination, and great admiration of whatever is beautiful in nature and art; that they are fond of pleasure, devoted to poetry, and ardent lovers of their country and their country's freedom.

If we pass through the other states of Greece, we shall perceive that in their government, their buildings, their fashions, and their feelings, they

all imitate Athens, except Sparta. Here we shall find a proud and solitary people, disdaining to copy the manners and customs of any other country. We shall find that they despise the arts, condemn luxury, and spurn the refinements of learning and taste.

We shall see the people living almost in poverty, and turning their thoughts exclusively to the profession of arms. We shall discover that other pursuits, arts, polite learning, sciences, and even husbandry itself, are prohibited to the free citizens by law.

We shall find that the city of Sparta, or Lacedæmon, the capital of Laconia, is built in a circular form, and is about six miles in circumference. We shall perceive that it is surrounded to a considerable extent with vineyards, olive- and plum-trees, gardens and summer-houses; we shall learn that the wine made in the neighbourhood is superior to any in Greece.

In Sparta we shall see many public edifices, among which there is a temple of brass dedicated to Minerva. We shall also notice a multitude of monuments in honour of the gods and ancient heroes. The houses, we shall perceive, are lofty, and built with great solidity. On different sides of the city we shall find courses for horse- and foot-races, and places of exercise for youth, shaded by beautiful plum-trees.

We shall discover that in Sparta, as in Athens, there are more slaves than citizens, and that they

perform all kinds of labour, except those which belong to the soldiers. They cultivate the fields, do the work of the houses, and attend to the mechanic arts. Some of them are very ingenious, and the keys, beds, tables, and chairs of Sparta are in great request throughout Greece.

If, in our fanciful travels, we should chance to see the haughty Spartans drawn out in battle array against the no less brave Athenians, we shall probably witness a display of martial spirit that has never been surpassed among ancient or modern nations. If we should stay to observe the fierce encounter, we should see, after some skirmishing, the two armies so closely engaged, as, for a time, to appear to form one mass, like a mighty serpent, bending, writhing, and rolling upon the plain.

Such is a battle between the foot-soldiers; we shall perceive that they are armed, some with spears or javelins, some with swords, some with clubs, some with battle-axes, some with slings, and some with bows and arrows. Each soldier has a helmet of brass or the skin of a beast upon his head, a coat of mail on his body, and a buckler for defence on his arm. We shall observe that the troops of horse are armed with swords and spears, and that, riding among the foot-soldiers, they do great execution.

In one of these ancient battles we shall hear no thunder of cannon, we shall see no cloud of smoke rising upon the air, for guns were not then in use. But if we listen, we shall hear the clash of swords.

the ringing of spears, and the groans of struggling and dying men. We shall at length see the mass of warriors separate, and over the field shall mark the strife of single combatants; with deadly hostility they meet foot to foot and hand to hand, and with flashing swords maintain the desperate fight until one or the other is slain.

We shall hardly form a just estimate of a Grecian battle unless we enter into the feelings of the warriors. They not only consider themselves as striving for independence and freedom, but they regard all Greece as witnesses of their conduct. They know that infamy attends on defeat, and that renown follows success.

They look upon martial glory as the greatest earthly good, and imagine that in a future life immortal honour will be awarded to military heroes. They fancy, too, that the gods take a deep interest in their battles, and from their exalted position in the heavens are spectators of the strife. They ever consider that they are fighting in the immediate presence of their deities, and endeavour to conduct themselves in such a manner as to secure their applause.

However false and vain we may deem the motives which impel the Grecian warriors, we can easily perceive that they are calculated to excite every individual in an army to the most powerful efforts. Under their impulse the narrow thoughts of personal safety are lost in more stirring emotions; every idea of danger vanishes, and things

which in cooler moments might seem impossible, are boldly tried and gloriously achieved.

CHAPTER VII

War with Persia—Description of Persia—Darius sends an army into Greece—Their defeat—Darius now sends an army of five hundred thousand men—Battle of Marathon—End of the Persian expedition—Fate of Miltiades.

WE now approach a period of deep interest in the history of Greece. There was a flourishing state in Asia Minor, called Ionia, originally settled by emigrants from Athens and other places in Attica. After some years they became subject to Persia, but at length they were anxious to throw off this foreign yoke, and were assisted by the Athenians in an attempt to do so. This drew upon the people the resentment of Darius, King of Persia, who resolved to take vengeance on Athens and her allies.

Before I proceed to tell you the events which immediately followed, I will give you a sketch of Persia at this period. It was one of the most ancient kingdoms of Asia, and was situated in a direction nearly east from Greece. The distance from one country to the other was about twelve hundred miles, but the empire of Persia then embraced not only that region which properly bore its name, but many adjacent kingdoms, in-

cluding a large portion of Asia. The number of people subject to its king must have amounted to many millions.

The eastern nations have always been celebrated for their love of show and magnificence, and at no period was this taste more fully displayed than in Persia during the age of which we are speaking. Nothing could exceed the dazzling splendour of the court of Darius. Whenever the monarch went abroad he was clothed in the most costly silks, and precious gems glittered in every part of his dress. Those who attended him were attired in the same gorgeous manner, for no others were deemed worthy of entering his august presence.

Darius, as well as the other princes of Persia, took the appellation of King of Kings; and as he could bring into the field an almost countless number of warriors, he had no fear that this arrogant title would be disputed.

It is probable that he understood in some degree the Grecian character, for in the war which he now contemplated, he summoned to the field an army of many thousand men, and sent also a fleet of several hundred ships. These forces were placed under the command of a young nobleman named Mardonius, who advanced upon Greece by way of Thrace.

The Greeks were fully aware of their danger, and now united for their common defence. The gay and gallant soldier of Athens and the stern warrior of Sparta now forgot their antipathies, and were

ready, like brothers, to stand side by side in the day of peril, and die or be free together.

It was as if the light-hearted Frenchmen of our own day should unite with the dauntless but haughty Englishmen, and fight in the same field, and fall or triumph in the same battle. But the time had not yet come when Greece was to put forth her greatest efforts.

The Persian fleet met with a storm in attempting to double one of the capes of Greece, and a large portion of the vessels were wrecked. No less than three hundred were sunk, and twenty thousand men perished in the waves. The army in Thrace had no better fortune. It was attacked in the night by the Thracians, and immense slaughter ensued. Mardonius himself was wounded, and, with his whole force, fled back to Persia.

But this signal defeat only increased the resentment of Darius, and sharpened his desire for the conquest of Greece. He resolved upon sending a more powerful army into that country, but first despatched two messengers, according to the custom of the times, to demand earth and water, as symbols of submission.

Some of the smaller states were overawed and acknowledged the authority of Darius; but Athens and Sparta, instead of offering up their liberty as demanded, threw one of the heralds into a well and the other into a ditch; and, adding mockery to insult, desired them to take "earth and water" from thence. This was rough treat-

ment, and may seem better to become the harsh Spartans than the polite inhabitants of Attica. But we should remember that the practice of treating an enemy with courtesy was not then in vogue.

Darius made no delay in preparing for the war. He collected an army of five hundred thousand men, and a fleet of six hundred ships. This immense force was placed under the command of two experienced generals, Datis and Artaphernes. The fleet set sail, carrying a part of the army on board. They had a prosperous voyage, and on their way to the coast of Greece they took possession of the beautiful islands in the *Ægean* sea. They landed upon the island of Eubœa, took the city of Eretria, and, overcoming every obstacle, approached the city of Athens.

Darius had particularly instructed his generals to treat the Grecians with the utmost rigour, on account of the assistance they had given the Ionians in their revolt. He required them to lay waste their lands, demolish their temples, and carry the inhabitants into captivity. The time had now arrived when this dreadful doom seemed about to be fulfilled.

The Athenians were well aware of their situation, and, with the steadiness of men who knew how to die in the discharge of duty, prepared for their defence. Their army consisted of nine thousand Athenians and one thousand Plateæans. Sparta had promised her assistance, but the troops had not yet arrived.

Small as was their force, the Athenians did not despair of success. They were commanded by ten generals, but the chief command was given to Miltiades. Each individual seemed inspired with a resolution to triumph or die, and when the order was given to march, and offer the enemy battle, the men received it with the utmost eagerness and animation.

The Persian force was about thirty miles from the city of Athens, upon the plains of Marathon. Their countless legions covered the land beyond the reach of the eye. Troops of horses and deep columns of men, armed with bows, swords, or battle-axes, were seen moving over the field. The officers rode to and fro on swift horses, and the generals, also on horseback, and surrounded with horsemen richly dressed, rode in front of the army and seemed to take a proud survey of the field.

Miltiades approached within a short distance of the Persian army, and took up a strong position at the foot of a mountain. He then caused large trees to be thrown down to impede the motions of the Persian horsemen. Datis noticed these judicious arrangements and knew the unshrinking valour of the Greeks. But, relying upon his superior forces, he did not hesitate to begin the attack.

No sooner was the signal for the onset given, than the Athenians and Plateæans rushed upon the front of the Persian line. Utterly regardless

of danger, they plunged into the midst of the enemy, and with their whirling swords and battle-axes cut them down on every side.

The Persians at first regarded them as maniacs, but soon perceived by the death and slaughter of their troops that the Greeks were only excited by courage bordering on despair. They began, in turn, to have their own fears, but for a long time withstood the attack of the Greeks with great steadiness and bravery.

They even pushed forward, and for a moment broke through the Grecian centre; but in a short time the two wings of the Athenian army were entirely victorious, and the Persians began to give ground. They were soon in the utmost confusion, and fled to their ships for safety. Six thousand of their number were slain in the battle, and seven of their ships were taken, besides others that were burnt. The rest retired, and thus ended the second attempt of Darius to enslave the inhabitants of Greece.

Such was the celebrated battle of Marathon. It was fought in the year 490 B.C., and has always been regarded as one of the most important engagements that ever took place. To this day the plain of Marathon is visited by travellers with the deepest interest, and no one can go to the place without finding his heart warmed, while he thinks of the noble actions which were displayed by the Greeks on that celebrated field.

The merit of Miltiades, which was so signally

displayed in this great battle, was repaid at first with the highest honours of the republic, but afterwards with the most shocking ingratitude. He was appointed to the command of a fleet by the unanimous voice of his country, and sent to expel the Persian garrisons from the islands of the *Ægean* Sea; but, having retired from an unsuccessful attack upon the island of Paros, he was accused of treason, and sentenced to death. This, however, was changed to a fine of fifty talents.

Being unable to pay this, he was thrown into prison, and there died of his wounds. Even his body was not allowed to be buried until his son Cimon, who was then very young, had procured the money and paid the fine.

The glory of Miltiades, however, survived his life, and though the Athenians were unjust to his person, they were not unmindful of his fame. At the distance of half a century a picture of the battle of Marathon was painted by order of the state, and the figure of Miltiades was placed in the foreground, animating his troops to victory. This picture was preserved by the Athenians for ages.

CHAPTER VIII

Death of Darius—Xerxes—He raises an immense army—Cuts a canal across Mount Athos—Crosses the Hellespont—Battle of Thermopylæ—Death of Leonidas and his band.

DARIUS was not discouraged by the ill success of his generals. He determined to raise a new army, and take the command of it himself. But before he had completed his arrangements, death put an end to his career, and his son Xerxes succeeded him. Inheriting all his father's hatred towards Greece, he resolved to prosecute the war with the greatest vigour.

Accordingly he raised an army of one million seven hundred thousand infantry, and four hundred thousand cavalry, making in the whole more than two millions of soldiers. His fleet consisted of one thousand two hundred and seven vessels, each carrying two hundred men; beside these were three thousand ships of burden, with six hundred thousand men.

The army might be said to amount to two millions and a half, which, with the women, servants, slaves, cooks, and others attendant upon it, might make the whole amount to about five millions of souls. This army has never been equalled in number before or since. Such were the mighty preparations made by the young Persian monarch to subdue the little peninsula of Greece.

Sardis, in Asia Minor, was a place where the various nations that were enrolled under the banner of Xerxes were to assemble. When they had collected, the king was anxious to amuse himself with the spectacle of a naval engagement. A throne was erected for him on an eminence, and in that situation, beholding all the earth covered with his troops, and all the sea crowded with his vessels, he felt a secret joy from the consciousness of his own superior power. But all the workings of this king's mind were in extremes; a sudden sadness soon took place of pleasure, and, dissolving in a shower of tears, he gave himself up to the reflection that not one of so many thousands would be alive a hundred years after.

The Persian fleet was to advance along the coast of Asia Minor towards the Hellespont. But as, in doubling the cape of Mount Athos, many ships were detained, he was resolved to cut a passage through the neck of land which joined the mountain to the continent, and thus give his shipping a shorter passage.

This was accordingly executed, and formed a canal a mile and a half long, passing through a considerable mountain. It required immense labour to perform so great a work, but the numbers and ambition of Xerxes were sufficient to surmount all difficulties.

To urge on the undertaking the faster, he treated his labourers with the greatest severity; while, with the ostentation of an eastern prince, he thus gave

his commands to the mountain to sink before him: "Athos, thou proud aspiring mountain, that liftest up thy head to the heavens, be not so audacious as to put obstacles in my way. If thou givest me that opposition, I will cut thee level to the plain, and throw thee headlong into the sea."

Xerxes, in the meantime, had given orders for building a bridge of boats across the Hellespont, for transporting his army into Europe. This strait, which now goes by the name of the Dardanelles, and separates Asia from Europe, is nearly a mile over. But soon after the completion of the bridge, a violent storm arose, and the whole was broken and destroyed.

The fury of Xerxes was attended with equal extravagance and cruelty. The workmen who had undertaken the task had their heads struck off by his order; and, that the sea itself also might know its duty, a pair of fetters were thrown into it to curb its future irregularities.

Thus the king, having given vent to his absurd resentment, ordered two bridges to be built in the place of the former; one for the army to pass over, and the other for the baggage and the beasts of burden. Three hundred and sixty vessels were placed across the strait. Large anchors were then cast into the water on both sides, to enable these vessels to resist the violence of the winds and currents. Across these they laid trunks of trees, and flat boards again over them, fastened together so as to serve for a floor or solid bottom.

When the whole work was completed, the army having been collected, a day was appointed for them to march over. As soon as the first rays of the sun began to appear, sweet odours of all kinds were abundantly scattered over the new work, and the way was strewed with myrtle.

Xerxes poured out libations into the sea, and, turning his face toward the east, worshipped the sun, which was at that time the chief object of adoration among the Persians. He then went forward, and gave orders for the army to follow; but the immense train were no less than seven days and seven nights in passing the bridges. The army, having landed in Europe, was joined by the European nations that acknowledged the Persian power, and Xerxes prepared to march forward into Greece.

It is impossible to reflect upon the intrepidity of the Greeks at this time but with amazement. Their whole force did not exceed eleven thousand two hundred men, yet they resolved to face the immense army of Xerxes. The Grecian forces consisted almost entirely of Spartans and Athenians, for a great part of the other Grecians were restrained by fear from entering into a struggle so desperate.

It was determined by the Greeks to send a body of troops to defend the pass of Thermopylæ. This was a narrow defile, twenty-five feet broad, between Phocis and Thessaly. The command of this important pass was given to Leonidas, the



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LEONIDAS

From the painting by David

King of Sparta, who led thither a body of six thousand men.

Here they waited till Xerxes approached. Flushed with hopes of success, and confident of victory, he had expected no obstruction to his march, and, therefore, his astonishment was unbounded when he found a few desperate men determined to oppose him. He now took a view of their intrenchments, and saw some of the Spartans amusing themselves with military exercises, and some with combing their long hair. He enquired the reason of this conduct, and was informed that it was the Spartan manner of preparing for battle.

He waited four days to give them time to reflect on their danger, and at last sent to them to deliver up their arms. Leonidas, with truly Spartan contempt, told him to "Come and take them". He then offered, if they would lay down their arms, to receive them as friends, and give them a country much larger and better than what they fought for. "No country", they replied, "was worth acceptance, unless won by virtue; and as for their arms, they should want them whether as his friends or enemies." Some men among the Greeks were heard to say that the Persians were so numerous that their darts would darken the sun. Dieneces, a Spartan replied: "Then we shall fight in the shade".

Thus treated with contempt, Xerxes ordered his columns to advance. But the Spartans, standing

close, met the onset, and repulsed the enemy with great slaughter. Other columns were brought up, but with no better success. The whole day, the attack was continued, but without avail. On the morrow, the battle was resumed, and Xerxes stimulated his troops to the utmost, by threats and promises. But all was in vain. The whole day was spent in fruitless attempts to force the pass.

Xerxes was now in the greatest consternation, but he was relieved from this by being told that there was a secret path, by which his men might cross the mountains. A treacherous Greek undertook to show them the way, and twenty thousand troops took advantage of the night, to gain the heights above the Spartan band.

In the morning, Leonidas, with anguish, discovered what had happened, and, knowing that it was idle to make further attempts to defend the pass, sent the army back to Greece, retaining with him about one thousand men; three hundred of these were Spartans, the rest were Thespians and Thebans.

These he exhorted in the most cheerful manner to prepare for death. "Come, my fellow soldiers," said he, "let us dine cheerfully here, for to-night we shall sup with Pluto." His men, upon hearing his purpose, set up a loud shout, as if they had been invited to a feast, and resolved every man to sell his life as dearly as he could.

The night now began to advance, and this was

thought the most glorious opportunity of meeting death in the enemy's camp, when the silence would favour desperation, and the darkness hide the smallness of their numbers. Thus resolved, they made directly to the Persian tents, and in the gloom of the night had almost reached the royal pavilion, with the hope of surprising the king.

The obscurity added much to the horror of the scene, for the Persians, falling upon each other without distinction, rather assisted the Greeks, than defended themselves. Thus, success seemed to crown the rashness of their enterprise, till, morning beginning to dawn, the light discovered the smallness of their numbers.

They were therefore soon surrounded by the Persians, who, fearing to fall in upon them, hurled their javelins among them from every quarter, till the Greeks, not so much conquered as tired with conquering, fell among heaps of the slaughtered enemy; leaving behind them an example of intrepidity never equalled in ancient or modern times.

CHAPTER IX

Naval battles—The Athenians leave their city—Athens burnt by the Persians—Battle of Salamis—Xerxes defeated—He retreats—Distress of his army—Battle of Plataea—Death of Xerxes—Artaxerxes—Naval battles—Peace.

I HAVE not yet done with the interesting story of this war, but I must stop a moment to reflect upon

the events just related. We have, in Leonidas and his associates, an example of patriotism and virtue which should make us ashamed to practise selfishness and vice.

Let us recollect, also, that Leonidas was a king; but he cheerfully laid down his life, and resigned all the enjoyments which wealth and power could give him, for the benefit of his country. Alas, how different have been many Christian kings, living in luxury, pomp, and extravagance, to this heathen Leonidas! How few sacrifices of their own personal comfort and happiness have they made for the good of their subjects; how careful have they been of their own privileges; how little have they thought of the rights of others!

At the same time that the battle of Thermopylæ was fought, an engagement took place at sea between the Grecian and Persian fleets. Several others soon followed, but without any decisive result. In the meantime, the Persian army poured, like the lava from a volcano, through the mountains, upon the devoted cities of Attica.

Still the Greeks thought not of submission; they took their wives and children to the islands, and retired on board their fleet, which soon set sail for Salamis. Their unprotected towns were now ravaged, and Athens was plundered and burnt.

The historians have left us an affecting description of the scene, when the Athenians took leave of their city. There were multitudes of aged men who could not go, and were necessarily left

behind. The matrons were seen clinging with fond affection to the places in which they had so long resided; the wives filled the streets with loud lamentations, and even the poor domestic animals seemed to take a part in the general concern.

It was impossible to see those poor creatures run howling and crying after their masters, who were going on ship-board, without being strongly affected. Among these, the faithfulness of a particular dog is recorded, who jumped into the sea after his master, and continued swimming as near as he could to the vessel till he landed in Salamis, and died the moment after on the shore.

A great battle at sea was now approaching. Xerxes, animated by success, ordered his whole fleet, consisting of one thousand two hundred ships, to attack the Greeks at Salamis. Their fleet consisted of two hundred and seventy vessels. To cheer his men, the Persian king took his station on an eminence, that they might fight under his immediate inspection. Excited by this, and confident in their superior force, they fought with great bravery.

But the Greeks, commanded by Themistocles, were still their superiors, and, after prodigies of valour, obtained a complete victory. Two hundred of the Persian ships were burnt, many were destroyed, and the rest were dispersed. The quantity of wrecks, and floating bodies of the slain, was so great that it is said the sea was scarcely visible for a considerable distance. The

Greeks lost not more than forty ships, of which the crews were principally saved.

Such was the battle of Salamis, which, like those of Thermopylæ and Marathon, will never cease to attract the admiration of mankind. The name of Themistocles, who commanded the Greeks in this famous action, is worthy of being remembered with those of Miltiades and Leonidas.

Xerxes now found it necessary to make a precipitate retreat. Leaving three hundred thousand men under the command of Mardonius, he set out for Asia Minor with the remainder of his army. Being unprovided with food, they were soon pressed by famine. Many perished, and others only supported life by eating the bark and leaves of trees. Disease also broke out among them, and the hills, valleys, and plains were strewn with the dying and the dead. At length the miserable remnant of the army reached the Hellespont, and, with these, Xerxes returned to Sardis.

Another overthrow awaited the Persians. Mardonius, at the head of his three hundred thousand men, was totally defeated at Plataea by the combined army of the Athenians and Spartans, under Pausanias, 479 B.C. In this famous battle about one hundred thousand Persians were put to the sword; the Greeks, anxious to rid their country at once of their invaders, refused to give quarter. On the same day they destroyed the remainder of the Persian fleet at Mycale.

Thus ended the invasion of Greece, nor ever

after was a Persian army seen to cross the Hellespont. The ambitious schemes of Xerxes were now at an end; and his inglorious life was soon after terminated by assassination. He was succeeded by his son Artaxerxes, 464 B.C.

I ought not here to omit the flight of Themistocles, who, understanding that his enemies were plotting his destruction, fled first to the island of Corcyra, and then to the court of Admetus, King of the Molossians. When he arrived, the king was absent, but the queen directed him to stand with Admetus' infant son in his arms. He did so, and when the king returned and found him fondling his infant, he at once received him into favour.

Artaxerxes continued the war for a time by sea, and Cimon, the son of Miltiades, became scarcely less celebrated than his father, in victories obtained over the Persian fleet. Finally, Artaxerxes sued for peace, and a treaty favourable to the Greeks put an end to the war, in the year 449 B.C.

CHAPTER X

Pericles—Insurrection of the Helots—Civil War—Archidamus—
Terrible plague at Athens—Siege of Plataea.

THE Greeks, no longer awed by the fear of Persia, began to indulge those enmities toward each other which had before been directed against the common foe. The Athenians lost their military spirit, and

their leading men, instead of promoting the interests of the state, struggled with each other for political ascendancy. The citizens were divided into factions, some being in favour of one man and some of another.

Among the most distinguished of those who were anxious to obtain popular favour was Pericles, a young man, who had descended from some of the first families in Attica, and was, moreover, a skilful manager of the people. Professing always to be their servant, he secretly sought his own elevation. Although the sensible persons of Athens perceived his motives and understood his character, yet, such was the extraordinary power of his eloquence, no one was found to withstand him before the people.

Themistocles was at this time banished. After visiting the court of Admetus, he went to the Persian court, but, being required to fight against his country, he destroyed himself by poison. Aristides, who had been the treasurer of Greece during the war, and was an example of wisdom and justice, was dead; Cimon was a great part of the time absent, and, when at home, found it impossible to resist the art and address of Pericles. At length, getting possession of the public money, the latter secretly distributed it in bribes, so as to obtain friends and supporters, and thus easily secured the multitude to his interests.

In the meantime, the Helots, or slaves of Sparta,

who were more numerous than the citizens, rose in open rebellion. These people in time of war served as sailors, or were attached to the army. In time of peace they cultivated the lands, and employed themselves in various mechanical arts.

They were not negroes, like the slaves who used to be in America, but they were Greeks who were descendants from captives taken in war. They were treated with great severity, and were kept by the laws in a state of constant degradation. They had abundant cause of resentment toward the Lacedæmonians, and in their attempt to achieve their own liberty, deserved the sympathy of all Greece.

Such were their numbers that the Spartans were obliged to ask the aid of the Athenians to quell the insurrection. Cimon at length persuaded the people to give the Spartans the desired assistance; and was himself sent, with a numerous body, for that purpose. The Helots were soon subdued, and the Athenian forces returned.

But in a short time the slaves rose again, and again the Spartans demanded succour of the Athenians. But Pericles now advised the people not to grant it, and, therefore, it was refused. This, with other circumstances, revived the smothered feelings of jealousy which had long subsisted between these two rival states.

A slight occasion was sufficient, in such a state of things, to create open war; and this was now at hand. Corcyra, a dependency of Corinth, asked

the aid of the Athenians in a rebellion against their lawful government, which was granted. This was deemed by the Spartans a violation of the general policy of Greece, and of the particular understanding between the Athenians and themselves.

On this ground, hostilities commenced between the two states, and most of the other Grecian powers took part, on one side or the other. Such was the origin of this war, which resulted in the desolation of some of the finest parts of Greece, and is generally known by the name of the Peloponnesian war. It began in the year 431 B.C.

This is, in some respects, an interesting portion of Grecian history. The difficulties of the times brought forward a great many remarkable men, whose renown can never perish. The battles between the Greeks were also fruitful in producing heroic actions. But war, at all times a painful subject of contemplation, is much more so when the strife is between members of the same nation.

A civil war is like a family quarrel, where brother is against brother, and where those who should seek to promote each other's happiness only strive to effect each other's destruction. But however painful this part of the Grecian story may be, we must not entirely pass it over.

It is necessary that we should become acquainted with the evil, as well as the good deeds of mankind, so that we may not only be incited to virtue by the happiness which usually attends it, but

warned against vice by the misery which follows in its train. I shall, however, only glance at the events of the Peloponnesian war.

Archidamus was now the King of Sparta. Putting himself at the head of a considerable force, and proceeding to Attica, he ravaged the eastern coast with fire and sword. Pericles, at the same time, sent a fleet to retaliate these injuries upon the defenceless coast of Peloponnesus. This compelled Archidamus to return; on his march he spread desolation along the western shore of Attica.

Pericles now drew out the Athenians, who fell upon the neighbouring province of Megara, the people of whom were allies of Sparta. The inhabitants were either killed or driven away, the towns and villages were burnt, and razed, and the whole district was covered with ruin.

The next year, the Spartans returned to Attica, and committed the same ravages as before. In the meantime a terrible plague broke out in Athens. The people called upon their gods for aid, but their gods heard them not. In a state of despair, they abandoned themselves to riot and licentiousness.

The sick were left to die, and the dead were left unburied; the laws were disregarded, and those who were amidst death, as if seized with madness, only sought to gratify the fleeting passions of the moment. It was a dreadful scene, and I spare my reader the further contemplation of it. I must not omit to mention, however, that Pericles was

among the number of those who died by the plague at this time.

The Spartans, after approaching close to Athens, and adding the horrors of war to the terrors of pestilence, drew off their forces, and returned to their own country. The next campaign was signalized by the siege of Plataea, of which, being one of the most memorable on record, I shall give you a particular account.

The Spartans fixed their camp about the city, in order to lay waste the adjacent places. The Athenians having promised their assistance, the Plataeans resolved to suffer the greatest extremities rather than surrender, and prepared for a vigorous defence; while Archidamus, with equal perseverance, prepared for the siege.

He first surrounded the city with a circumvallation of trees, which were laid very close together. Upon these he raised batteries, and formed a terrace sufficient to support his warlike machines. His army worked, without intermission, seventy days and nights.

The besieged, observing the works beginning to rise around them, threw up a wooden wall upon the walls of the city, opposite the platform, in order that they might always overtop the besiegers. This wall was covered on the outside with hides, both raw and dry, in order to shelter it from the besiegers' fires. They then built another within, in the form of a half-moon, behind which they might retire, in case their outer works were forced.

In the meantime, the besiegers having mounted their engines of war, shook the city wall in a very terrible manner. The Plataeans employed every art that fortification could suggest against the enemy's batteries. They caught with ropes the heads of the battering-rams that were urged against the walls, and deadened their force with levers.

The Lacedæmonians, finding their attack did not go on successfully, and that a new wall was raised against their platform, despaired of being able to storm the place; they, therefore, changed the siege into a blockade, after having vainly attempted to set fire to the city, which was suddenly quenched by a shower. They accordingly surrounded it with a high brick wall, strengthened on each side by a deep ditch.

In this manner the wretched Plataeans were cooped up, without any hopes of redress, placed, as it were, at the mercy of the conquerors. There were now in Plataea but four hundred inhabitants and eighty Athenians, with a hundred and ten women to dress their victuals, and no other person, whether freeman or slave, all the rest having been sent to Athens before the siege.

At last, having lost all hopes of succour, and being in the utmost want of provisions, they formed the resolution of cutting their way through the enemy. But half of them, struck with the greatness of their danger, entirely lost courage; the rest, however, persisted in their resolution, and escaped in the following manner.

They first took the height of the Spartan wall, by counting the rows of bricks that composed it, and employed several men for that purpose, in order that they might make no mistake in the calculation. They then made ladders of a proper length.

All things being now ready for executing the design, the besieged left the city one night when there was no moon, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain. After crossing the first ditch, they drew near the wall undiscovered, through the darkness of the night, and the noise made by the tempest. They marched at some distance from each other, to prevent the clashing of their arms, and one of their legs was naked, to keep them from sinking so easily into the mire.

Those who carried the ladders set them in the space between the towers, where they knew no guard was posted, on account of the rain. That instant some of the party, armed with daggers and javelins, mounted the ladders. They had nearly gained the top of the wall, when one of the men, in taking hold of the parapet, threw down a tile, and discovered them to the enemy.

The alarm was immediately given from the towers, and the besieging army approached the walls, but without perceiving the occasion of the outcry, from the gloom of the night and the violence of the storm. In the meantime, those who had mounted first, having possessed themselves of two towers, and killed the soldiers who

guarded them, posted themselves there to defend the passage and keep off the besiegers.

Their situation was now exceedingly critical, but they finally succeeded in passing the enemy, and took the road towards Thebes, the better to conceal their retreat. Immediately, they perceived the besiegers, with torches in their hands, pursuing them on the road that led to Athens.

After keeping on their way towards Thebes for some distance, they turned short towards the mountains, and resumed the route to Athens. Two hundred and twelve arrived out of two hundred and twenty who had quitted the place; the rest having returned back to it, through fear, one archer excepted, who was taken. The besiegers having pursued them to no purpose, returned to the camp.

In the meantime, the Plataeans who remained in the city, supposing that all their companions had been killed, sent a herald to demand their dead bodies; but having been told the true state of the affair, being in absolute want of provisions, and being unable to make the least defence, they surrendered. It is a painful conclusion to the story to say that they were all inhumanly put to death by their conquerors.

CHAPTER XI

Alcibiades—Siege of Athens—Humiliation of Athens—Lysander—
The thirty tyrants—The Greeks go into Asia to assist Cyrus—
Retreat of the ten thousand Greeks—Peace—Thebes—Pelopidas
—War between Thebes and Sparta—Battle of Mantinea—Death
of Epaminondas—Peace.

AFTER the Peloponnesian war had continued for ten years, a truce was agreed upon, and peace was concluded a short time after that expired. It was not long, however, before Alcibiades, a celebrated Athenian general, persuaded his countrymen to violate the treaty, and thus hostilities were again commenced. War was pursued with various fortune; the Athenians being usually successful by sea, and the Spartans by land.

I should have told you before, that in a battle near Potidæa, Alcibiades was severely wounded. In all probability he would have been killed, but Socrates, who fought by his side, bravely defended and rescued him. This brave and friendly action was requited afterwards by Alcibiades, who, in another battle, saved Socrates from the swords of the Boeotians.

But at length the tide seemed to turn against Athens, and its humiliation evidently drew nigh. The Spartan fleet, under the command of Lysander, blockaded the port, and Agis and Pausanias, two kings of Sparta, with a large army, besieged the city.

The wretched Athenians, thus hemmed in on every side, without provisions, ships, or hopes of relief, prepared to meet the last extremity with patience; in this manner, without speaking the least word of a capitulation, and dying in the streets by numbers, they obstinately continued on the defensive. But at length, their corn and provisions being exhausted, they found themselves compelled to send deputies to Agis, with offers of abandoning all their possessions, their city and port only excepted.

These were received with haughtiness by the proud Spartan, and, having been referred to the council of state, were rejected. The Athenians, incapable of resistance, were reduced to absolute submission. Their port was demolished, and an agreement entered into by which their fleet was limited to twelve ships; the people were to undertake no military enterprise in future except under the Lacedæmonians. This occurred in the year 404 B.C.

Lysander now proceeded to overturn the government of Athens, and establish another in its place. He abolished the elective system, and placed the supreme power in the hands of thirty individuals, generally called the Thirty Tyrants; but these retained their places for only a short period. Such was the despotism and cruelty of their conduct, that in eight months they were all deposed and killed by the Athenians in an insurrection headed by Thrasybulus.

During the short reign of the thirty tyrants, it is said that as many persons lost their lives at Athens as during ten years of the Peloponnesian war. After their destruction the democracy was restored, and Athens was again left in the possession of her liberty.

The Grecian states were now in the enjoyment of peace. But the Spartans could never remain inactive. If they had no quarrels of their own, they would join in those of other people. An agent now arrived from Cyrus, brother of the King of Persia, begging their assistance in an attempt he was about to make to dethrone the king. He held out the prospect of large rewards, and the Spartans easily consented to his request.

Accordingly, an army of thirteen thousand men was soon raised, and sent into Asia Minor. Here they were joined by the forces of Cyrus, and in a short time a battle took place in the neighbourhood of Babylon, between the armies of the rival brothers. Cyrus was defeated and slain.

Three thousand of the Greeks were killed in the engagement, and the rest found it necessary to make a rapid retreat. They were commanded by Xenophon, who obtained great renown for the skill with which he conducted their march back to their own country. The distance from Babylon to the Euxine was one thousand six hundred miles, and this great space was traversed by the army with scarcely the loss of a man. This took place in the year 401 B.C.

Soon after these events a civil war again broke out in Greece, in which most of the states were leagued against Sparta. Agesilaus, the Spartan king, ably sustained the honour of his country, but all parties being at length weary and weakened by the war, peace was concluded in the year 387 B.C.

It was about this period that Thebes began to rival the largest cities in Greece, and in the space of a few years rose to a pitch of splendour which surpassed them all. But unhappily the state was agitated by violent factions. The government at this time was in the hands of certain individuals who had usurped the supreme power. Such was the cruelty and injustice of their conduct that many of the noblest inhabitants went into voluntary exile.

Among these was a young man named Pelopidas, who, though absent from his country, and disgusted with its government, still remembered it with affection. After reflecting anxiously upon the subject, he resolved to attempt the deliverance of his country from the tyranny under which it groaned. Taking with him a few associates, he returned secretly to Thebes, and by a fortunate union of boldness and skill, he crushed the usurpers, and restored the people to their freedom.

Immediately after this, Thebes was engaged in a war with Sparta. Epaminondas and Pelopidas were her generals. Several skirmishes took place, but at length the two armies met upon the plains

of Leuctra. After the most desperate fighting on both sides, the Thebans gained a complete victory.

The Spartans lost more than four thousand men; the Thebans only three hundred. This battle, which is one of the most famous in Grecian history, took place in the year 371 B.C.

The war continued for several years, with various success; in its progress all Greece became involved in it. Battles were lost and won, conquests were made and abandoned, and alliances broken and concluded, without producing any important benefits. At last a great battle was fought at Mantinea, between the Thebans, under Epaminondas, and the combined forces of Athens and Sparta.

Here again the Thebans were completely victorious, but their general, Epaminondas, was among the slain. Thebes doubtless lost more in the death of this remarkable man than she gained in the splendid victory for which he sacrificed his life. The battle of Mantinea was fought in the year 362 B.C.

The states of Greece were now thoroughly worn out with fighting, and, consequently, peace soon followed. An agreement was entered into by all except Sparta, that each should retain what it possessed, and be independent of every other power. A state of repose followed this peace, and the hostile feelings which had been generated by the war were gradually put to rest.

Let me give you one instance, among the many

that existed, of the superstitious regard which the Greeks had for their temples.

A little before his illness, the celebrated Agesipolis had visited the temple of Bacchus, at Aphyteus, famous for the beauty and coolness of its shady bowers and crystal waters. When taken ill, he had a strong desire to visit the place again, believing that he should then recover.

He was conveyed to Aphyteus, but soon after his arrival he died without the temple; for the superstitious Greeks were afraid of the anger of the deity if they permitted the pollution of death within the building. Thus they thought the act of denying shelter to a dying sufferer rather meritorious than censurable.

CHAPTER XII

Macedonia—Philip—State of Greece—Sacred War—Philip advances toward Greece—Demosthenes—The Athenians take possession of Thermopylæ—Philip persuades the Athenians to let him enter Greece—End of the Sacred War—Philip undertakes the conquest of Greece—Battle of Cheronea—Peace—Projected invasion of Persia—Death of Philip.

I MUST now direct the attention of my readers to Macedonia, an extensive country lying to the north of Greece. At present it is within the boundary of Turkey, and constitutes a part of the province called Rumelia.¹

¹ Macedonia is now divided between Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece.

This kingdom was founded about 750 years before Christ, by Caranus, a descendant of Hercules. For a long time the people remained in a barbarous state, and were little known beyond their immediate neighbourhood. But, gradually emerging from their obscurity, they had reached a considerable pitch of civilization when Philip, a descendant of Caranus, ascended the throne, in the year 360 B.C.

He was a man of great talents, and his mind was filled with the highest ambition. For several years he was occupied in arranging the affairs of his own kingdom, which were in a distracted state when he came to the throne. This business being completed, he turned his arms against the neighbouring countries of Thrace, Thessaly, and Illyria. His efforts being crowned with success, his grasping mind conceived the project of subjugating all Greece.

Unhappily, the condition of this country was but too favourable to the success of his designs. The warlike spirit, and the jealous love of liberty, which had once distinguished these states, had now passed away. The Athenians had lost their love of martial deeds, and were now devoted to the refinements of luxury and taste.

The great men among them were no longer generals, naval commanders, and statesmen, but players, poets, and sculptors. The people listened no more with delight to the recital of tales which recorded the heroic deeds of their ancestors, but gave themselves up to the softening and seducing influence of luxurious enjoyments.

Sparta was no less changed from the simplicity of her ancient manners; her power had been abridged, and nearly destroyed, by the recent independence of the states of Peloponnesus, and she was in no capacity to attempt a recovery of her former greatness.

Thebes, in the death of Epaminondas, had lost the only man capable of leading her farther in the path of glory; and the smaller states, weakened by mutual dissensions, were scarcely able to protect themselves from each other.

Such was the situation of the Grecian states when the ambitious king of Macedon began to look upon them as the lion in ambush regards the antelope upon which he intends to prey. An opportunity was soon afforded for marching his army into Greece.

The Phocians, it seems, had ploughed up a field near the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, which was regarded as sacred. The people of the neighbouring states considered this an insult to Apollo, and, as other means of adjusting the difficulty proved unavailing, war was at length declared.

The Phocians were assisted by Athens, Sparta, and several of the Peloponnesian states; while Thebes, Thessaly, and others combined against them. To gain additional strength, the latter called upon Philip of Macedon for assistance, his fame as a military leader having now reached all ears.

At first the wily monarch did not comply with

the request, but chose rather that the Grécians should weaken themselves, by fighting with each other, that they might more easily be subdued. Like most other conquerors, he was by no means averse to bloodshed and slaughter, and considered it no part of his duty to promote peace and cultivate charity among mankind. What he desired was to conquer the nations, not to make them happy.

He looked, therefore, with secret delight upon the civil wars of his neighbours, knowing that they would the more surely become his victims. At length the time came when he thought it proper to set about the execution of his scheme.

The history of Greece comprehends so many interesting narratives that I am obliged to pass by very many of them; let me, however, before I go on with my account of Philip the Macedonian, tell you that the greatest part of the Grecian cities, particularly Athens, observed the festivals called Thesmophoria, from a Greek name of the goddess Demeter or Ceres.

Callippus, one of Plato's disciples, being required by Arete and Aristomache to swear that he would not injure Dion, a celebrated Syracusan, entered the temple, and took the great oath, habited in a purple robe, and holding in his hand a lighted torch. But though he took the oath, he resolved not only to break it, but also to make his sacrilege complete by murdering Dion on the festival of the goddess to whom the temple was dedicated.

To resume my narrative, Philip raised a large

army on pretence of going against the Phocians, and marched toward Thermopylæ, intending to take possession of that important pass. But at this time there lived in Athens a celebrated orator, named Demosthenes. He was a man of great wisdom, and was sincerely devoted to the cause of his country. He well understood the character of Philip, and easily saw through his ambitious designs.

When that monarch was already on his way toward Thermopylæ, Demosthenes went before the people, and exhibited the danger which threatened them. By his clear reasoning, he proved the truth of what he affirmed, and, by his stirring eloquence, roused the Athenians to action.

They immediately despatched an army to Thermopylæ, who, by rapid marches, reached it before the arrival of Philip. When the latter came, finding the pass guarded, he did not attempt to force it, but employed himself against the adjacent districts.

Meanwhile he secretly caused money to be distributed to various persons in Greece, who warmly espoused his cause; and thus, by bribery, corruption, and other unworthy means, he obtained the consent of the Athenians to let him pass into Greece.

He now marched against the Phocians, who, being terrified at the approach of his powerful army, submitted without opposition. Thus ended the Sacred War, as it was called, in the year 346

B.C. But I must not neglect to tell you the fate of the poor Phocians. It was decreed that their cities should all be demolished, and that they should, in future, only live in villages. Philip proceeded to execute this hard sentence with the utmost severity, and the silence with which it was done seemed more dreadful than the ravages of war. At the distance of three years Phocis presented a piteous sight of devastation.

Philip now returned with his army to Macedon, contenting himself with the secret prosecution of his designs; but at length, his plans being matured, he threw off the mask, and openly appeared in arms for the conquest of Greece. As his forces were advancing, the Athenians, by the advice of Demosthenes formed a league with Thebes, and sent an army to oppose him.

This consisted of thirty thousand men, partly Athenians and partly Thebans. Philip, at the head of thirty-two thousand men, offered them battle at Chæronea. He was himself on the right wing of his army, and his son Alexander, now nineteen years of age, led on the left. The Grecian troops were animated by the noblest sentiments, love of country and hatred of oppression. But, unhappily, they were commanded by generals or feeble talents and no experience.

The battle at length commenced. The Athenians made an impetuous charge, and, for a moment, drove back the Macedonian troops. But Philip urged on his men, and, fighting with unexampled

steadiness and bravery, the Athenians were at length defeated. The Thebans had no better success. They fought with desperate courage, till, many of them being killed, they were forced to yield.

The result of the battle was a total overthrow of the Grecian forces. This sealed the fate of Greece. She made no further attempts at resistance, but submitted to a humbling peace with the conqueror. While they retained their nominal independence, they acknowledged the supremacy of Philip in all national affairs.

Soon after these events, Philip projected the invasion of Persia. He submitted his plan to the Greeks, and it was agreed that they should assist him with a large army drawn from the several states. The arrangements were nearly completed, when the king, dreaming only of further conquests, was assassinated, in revenge of a private injury, in the year 336 B.C.

Having omitted to tell you how Philip was treated by Atheas, King of Scythia, I will mention it here, as the circumstance illustrates the character of the wily Scythian. Atheas had requested the assistance of Philip against his enemies, which had been given, and Philip sent to Atheas to require the pay of the Macedonian troops.

The envoys despatched on this occasion found the Scythian king in a stable, currying his horse, for, in time of peace, he made but little distinction between himself and his groom. Atheas listened

to their message, and then deridingly replied that the sterile soil and inclement skies of Scythia scarcely afforded needful food; he, therefore, had nothing worth offering to so great a potentate as Philip. Scythians, he said, were not remarkable for riches, but for hardy bodies and valiant minds.

Such is the brief history of Philip. He was a man of powerful mind and boundless ambition; had he lived, he would doubtless have ranked among the greatest military heroes of antiquity. It is natural for us to admire the display of great talents; and even when they are directed by grasping selfishness, we are sometimes led to applaud where we ought to condemn.

But we should reflect that he who seeks to deprive a nation of its liberty and independence, would rob them of things more dear than all other earthly possessions. If, in addition to this, he sheds the blood of innocent men, who fight only in defence of their rights, he adds a crime of the deepest dye to his other iniquities.

The admiration excited by the actions of a great conqueror is like the pleasure caused by the spectacle of a city on fire. While the ruddy blaze and the rolling smoke fill the mind with ideas of sublimity, we should not forget the anguish of the suffering inhabitants of the devoted town.

CHAPTER XIII

Youthful days of Alexander—Bucephalus—Alexander ascends the throne—He sets out for Persia—Battle of the Granicus—Battle of Issus—Generosity of Alexander—He goes to Jerusalem—Gaza—Conquest of Egypt—Building of Alexandria—Battle of Arbela—Death of Darius—Submission of Persia—Alexander goes as far east as the Ganges—Hindoos—Return of the army to Persepolis—Destruction of that city—Alexander proceeds to Babylon—That city becomes the seat of his empire—His gloomy state of mind—Intemperance—Sickness and Death.

ALEXANDER was born at Pella, the capital of Macedon, in the year 356 B.C. The greatest pains were taken with his education; he was not only trained in all kinds of manly exercises, but the utmost care was taken to cultivate his mind. He enjoyed the instruction of the ablest teachers in Greece, and for several years was the pupil of Aristotle.

This philosopher lived at Athens, and was justly esteemed the most learned man of the age. Many of his writings have come down to us, and are still read with deep interest, for the wisdom and knowledge they display. The heroic deeds of Alexander will sooner be forgotten than the philosophy of Aristotle.

At a very early period Alexander began to exhibit that ambition and love of glory which characterized him through life. On one occasion his friends asked him if he would not be present at the Olympic games to dispute the prize at the

foot-races, he being very swift of foot. I should tell you, by the way, that these games were celebrated every fifth year, at Olympia in Elis.

The sports were various. *Wrestling* was one of them. Great was the strength and skill of those who contended, and fearful the falls that some of them experienced.

Leaping was another, and wonderful proofs of agility were performed. No one was allowed to contend at the Olympic games who had not regularly exercised himself for ten months before.

Boxing, too, was practised, and no unfair dealing allowed. Whoever attempted to bribe his adversary, or play falsely, was subject to a severe fine. Criminals and guilty persons were not permitted to contend at any of the games, and even the father and relatives of the combatant were obliged to swear that they would have recourse to no unfair advantage.

Throwing the Discus, or Quoit, called forth the energies of many of their bravest warriors, and some of the poetic accounts which are given of the feats performed at this favourite exercise are very astonishing.

Running was a favourite game, and if we were to believe some of the exaggerated relations about the swiftest runners that entered the Arena, we should conclude that an arrow shot by a strong bowman is not more rapid in its flight than they were.

Horse and Chariot Races formed another of the

games, and many a proud steed lay exhausted on the plain, vanquished by prouder and swifter rivals. Perhaps no one of the games was so imposing to the sight as this, of urging the highest bred and fleetest steeds to their utmost speed.

People assembled from all parts of Greece to witness the Olympic games, in which they took the deepest interest. As great applause was bestowed on the victors, it was supposed that Alexander might wish to be a competitor; but he replied that he did not wish to run a race unless kings were his rivals.

While he was at Pella, at an age too young to accompany his father to the wars, it is said that whenever news was brought him of a victory gained by Philip, he remarked despondingly: "My father will conquer everything, and leave nothing for me to do".

Another anecdote will serve to display the bold and dexterous horsemanship of this young prince. Philip received, from Thessaly, a noble, strong, fiery, and generous war-horse, called Bucephalus. The king went into the plains, attended by his courtiers, in order to view the perfections of this animal; but upon trial he was so fierce, and pranced about in so furious a manner, that no one dared to mount him.

Philip, being very angry that so unmanageable a creature had been sent him, gave orders for their carrying him back again. Alexander, who was present at that time, cried out: "What a noble

horse we are going to lose, for want of boldness and address to back him!"

Philip, at first, considered these words as the effect of folly and rashness so common to young men; but as Alexander insisted still more upon what he had said, and was very much vexed to see so noble a creature going to be sent home again, his father gave him leave to try what he could do.

The young prince, overjoyed at this proposal, went up to Bucephalus, took hold of his bridle, and turned his head to the sun, having observed that the thing which frightened him was his own shadow. Alexander, therefore, first stroked him gently with his hand, and soothed him with his voice; then, seeing his fierceness abate, and artfully taking this opportunity, he let fall his cloak, and, springing swiftly upon his back, first slackened the rein, without striking or vexing him.

When he perceived that his fire was cooled, that he was no longer so furious and violent, and that he wanted only to move forward, he gave him the rein, and spurred him with great vigour, animating him with his voice to full speed. The noble beast seemed rather to fly than run. While this was doing, Philip and his whole court trembled for fear, and did not once open their lips.

But when the prince, after having run his first heat, returned with joy and pride, at having broken a horse which was judged absolutely un-



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ALEXANDER THE GREAT

From the statue in the Capitoline Museum, Rome

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governable, all the courtiers endeavoured to outvie one another in their applauses and congratulations. We are told that Philip shed tears of joy upon this occasion, and, embracing Alexander after he had alighted, said to him: "My son, seek a kingdom more worthy of thee, for Macedon is below thy merit".

Such was Alexander in his youth; but we are now to observe him as a man. At his father's death, being twenty years of age, he succeeded to the Macedonian throne. He immediately hastened into Greece to confirm the authority that Philip had acquired there. Having assembled a council of the Grecian states at Corinth, then one of the most splendid cities of antiquity, he was appointed general of the combined army destined to invade Persia.

After some little delay, occasioned by the revolt of Thebes, he set out with an army of thirty thousand foot and five thousand horse, crossed the Hellespont, and pursued his march toward Persia. When he reached the river Granicus, he found an army of more than one hundred thousand Persians ready to dispute his passage; but, mounted upon the back of Bucephalus, he plunged boldly into the river, followed by his troops, attacked the enemy with irresistible energy, and obtained a complete victory, leaving twenty thousand Persians dead upon the field.

Proceeding in his march, some of the cities opened their gates, and others resisted the invader.

But, overcoming all obstacles, Alexander pressed forward till he approached a small town called Issus. Here Darius, the King of Persia, had assembled a force of four hundred thousand men. A dreadful battle soon followed, and the Greeks were again the conquerors; losing but four hundred and fifty men themselves, they strewed the ground with the dead bodies of more than one hundred thousand of the enemy.

While I am relating the scenes of slaughter which attended the steps of the ruthless Macedonian, I must not forget to tell you an instance of his generosity. When Darius saw his army defeated he took to flight, leaving his family unprotected in his tent. This soon fell into the hands of Alexander, who found there not only immense riches, but the Persian queen, with her mother, son, and attendants.

Expecting the severest treatment, the princesses knelt with dignified submission before the conqueror. Alexander begged them to rise, assured them, with a voice of kindness, that they had nothing to fear, and tried every means in his power to put them at ease. He detained them in his camp as prisoners of war, but ever caused them to be treated with the utmost respect. It is remarkable that even in ancient times this conduct of Alexander seems to have been regarded as more worthy of renown than all his conquests.

The conqueror now marched into Phœnicia, and, after having subdued the rest of the country, laid

siege to Tyre. This city held out for seven months, when it was taken by storm. He now marched towards Jerusalem, determined to punish the Jews because they had sworn allegiance to Darius.

On approaching the city he was met by a solemn procession of all the most venerable inhabitants, headed by the high priest arrayed in the vestments in which he was wont to offer up sacrifices to God. The moment the king perceived the high priest, he approached him with an air of the greatest respect, bowed his body, and adored the name of God that was inscribed on a plate of gold on the priest's forehead.

His courtiers stood in silent amazement at this wonderful and sudden change. At length one of them, named Parmenio, ventured to ask him how he, who was adored by everyone, paid such a tribute of veneration to the priest of a people so insignificant?

"I do not", replied Alexander, "adore the priest, but the God whose minister he is; for while I was at Dia, meditating on my intended expedition into Persia, this very man, dressed as he now is, appeared to me in a dream, encouraging me to cross the Hellespont boldly, for the God that he worshipped would march at the head of my army, and give me victory over the Persians."

Having thus answered Parmenio by relating a pretended vision, Alexander embraced the high priest, and accompanied him to Jerusalem, where he assisted at a solemn sacrifice. After conferring

some privileges on the Jews, he proceeded southwards till he reached Gaza.

Here the inhabitants shut the gates of the city against him, and bade him defiance. He besieged the place, and afterwards carried it by storm. Many of the inhabitants were killed, and ten thousand of them were cruelly sold into captivity. He now marched into Egypt, and made an easy conquest of that country, which at this period was crowded with inhabitants, and filled with magnificent cities.

Here he laid the foundation of Alexandria, which soon became one of the most splendid cities in the world. Its ruins still remain in the neighbourhood of the modern town of that name, and no one can look upon the heaps of sculptured marble, the broken columns, obelisks, and statues, but with amazement.

Success had now greatly changed the character of Alexander. He appears naturally to have possessed much generosity, but from this period he was arrogant, passionate, and cruel. He seems also to have been inflated with a degree of conceit almost amounting to madness. At a subsequent period he even claimed to be a god, and expected of his followers that reverence which is due only to the Divinity.

Darius had assembled an army of seven hundred thousand men in Assyria. Alexander marched against him, and a great battle took place at Arbela. Here, as in every other conflict, the

Persians were beaten, and their loss amounted to the prodigious number of three hundred thousand men. The whole Grecian force did not exceed fifty thousand.

This was a fatal battle to Darius. He now became a fugitive, and, retreating from province to province, was at length murdered by one of his own officers. His accomplished but unfortunate queen had died some time before in captivity.

The Persian empire thus overthrown, the people submitted to Alexander in the year 330 B.C. The more fully to express his triumph, he made a splendid entry with his whole army into the city of Babylon. At the present time the place where this city stood is a mere desert, scattered over with ruins, scarcely sufficient to mark the spot.

But in the day of Alexander's triumph it was a proud city, and as he entered the streets, the inhabitants strewed flowers and rich garments in his path; altars were raised on every side, smoking with sacrifices offered in honour of their new master, and all seemed anxious to testify allegiance.

Alexander, now conceiving that the gods had decreed to him the empire of the whole world, determined to conquer India. Accordingly he set out on his march, and, overcoming every obstacle, finally reached the Ganges. He would have gone farther, but his soldiers, seeing no end to their toils, refused to proceed. He was therefore obliged to return.

It is remarkable that the inhabitants of India at that day were nearly the same as now. The descriptions of the people, as given by those who accompanied Alexander, their religion, laws, government, and character, would suit the present generation of Hindoos with little variation.

Pursuing his route homeward, the conqueror and the army at length reached Persepolis, the capital of the Persian empire. The ruins of that city are still to be seen in modern Persia, and attest the proud magnificence of its early days. Here Alexander gave himself up to the indulgence of his passions, and, in a fit of drunkenness, ordered the city to be set on fire. It was thus destroyed, leaving its noble remains to defy the crumbling lapse of ages.

From Persepolis Alexander marched to Babylon. After various combats, conquests, cruelties, follies, and excesses, he arrived at that place, and made it the seat of his empire. But riot and indulgence had now debased his character, and led him to the weakest and most wicked actions. His vanity was excessive; and when Clitus, an old soldier, who had once saved his life in battle, intimated that his father was his superior, the enraged king plunged a javelin into his bosom, and killed him.

But with all his excitements, the mind of Alexander was clouded with gloom. The cruelties he had committed, the thousands of people he had slain, filled his imagination with ghastly images, and the rivers of blood he had shed seemed to

flow with a fearful current throughout all his dreams.

To dissipate these melancholy fancies he drank immoderate quantities of wine. Frequent banquets for his entertainment were made, and at one of these he drank to such an excess as to fall upon the floor to all appearance dead. He was taken up, but a fever soon followed; and in a few days he died, at the age of thirty-two, after a reign of twelve years. This event occurred in the year 323 B.C.

CHAPTER XIV

Character of Alexander—Division of the empire—Antipater—Fate of Athens—Death of Demosthenes—Story of Phocion—Invasion of the Gauls—Pyrrhus—Achæan League—Philopœmen—Etolians apply to the Romans—Macedonia becomes a Roman province—Spartans apply to the Romans—Achæans defeated by Metellus—Final defeat of the Greeks by Mummius—Greece becomes a Roman province.

IN estimating the character of Alexander, we must attribute more to his good fortune than his wisdom. He was doubtless brave, energetic, and skilful in attacking an enemy, but we must consider that all the eastern nations whom he conquered were sunk in luxury and ease. They had neither knowledge nor spirit for war, but were weak, effeminate, and degraded. They had no able generals, and, having been long ruled by despots, had no love of country, and no attachment to their rulers. It is easy to

perceive that it was a very different thing to conquer nations like these from what it would have been to have conquered countries like Sparta and Athens in their better days.

In private life Alexander appears to have possessed a generous nature, spoiled, however, by indulgence, flattery, and success. In his youth he was sincere, ardent, and passionately devoted to what was then called glory; but in after-life he became haughty, resentful, dissipated, and debased.

His murder of Parmenio, one of his best generals, who had, perhaps, contributed more to his renown than any other, ought not to pass unnoticed.

Alexander, hearing that Philotas, son of Parmenio, had kept back information of a plot against him, concluded at once that both of them were guilty. Philotas was put to the rack, and in his agony confessed himself guilty. Parmenio was afterwards murdered.

While walking in the palace garden a letter was put into his hand from Alexander, and another, forged, as though it came from his son. While reading the letter, he was approached from behind and stabbed. The aged warrior sank to the earth, and received, in the agonies of death, the gashes of the murderers around him.

Alexander, mighty as he had been, may be said to have died the victim of his brutality, and seems to have lived rather to dazzle than benefit mankind.

The empire of Alexander, at his death, embraced

nearly all parts of the earth which were then known. Like most other worldly men, he had made no preparation for death. He did not even appoint a successor, or make any other provision for the government of his vast dominions. His generals, therefore, determined to divide the various countries among themselves. Accordingly a distribution of them was made between thirty-three of his principal officers, who now repaired to their several kingdoms.

It is not possible for me to give you the history of these various sovereigns, except in general terms. Their power was of short duration, for jealousies soon arose between them, and bloodshed, anarchy, and confusion followed. A new distribution of Alexander's empire was soon found necessary, and it was therefore divided into four great kingdoms.

In this last division, Macedonia, Epirus, and Greece came into the hands of Antipater. But the Athenians, as well as the other Greeks, hated the Macedonian dominion, and sent a large army against Antipater. At first they were successful, but afterwards they were entirely defeated, and all the states were forced to make a humiliating peace.

Athens was treated with peculiar severity. Many of the citizens were deprived of their privileges, and, finding their situation insupportable, went into exile, and settled in Thrace. Antipater required that Demosthenes should be given up; but the orator found means to escape

to the island of Calauria, where he terminated his life by poison, rather than fall into the hands of the Macedonian king.

The Athenians afterwards erected a statue of brass to his memory, with this inscription: "Demosthenes, if thy power had been equal to thy wisdom, the Macedonian Mars would never have triumphed over Greece".

There is a tale, among modern Athenians, that the monument of Lysicrates, which stood at the east end of the Acropolis, was built by Demosthenes as a place of retirement and study. On this account they call the remains the Lantern of Demosthenes. The truth is, however, in the opinion of the best-informed people, that Demosthenes had nothing to do with it, and that it was erected to commemorate some victories gained at the Olympic Games.

Antipater died, leaving his kingdom to Polysperchon. For several years Greece shared largely in the revolutions which agitated the empire of Alexander. I shall not attempt to tell you the whole story of this period; a few events, however, are worthy of notice. There lived at this time, in Athens, a poor but honest man, named Phocion. He was fifty times made governor of the city, without ever having solicited a vote.

This great and good man became unpopular with the fickle and ungrateful Athenians, and after suffering the greatest indignities, was killed by poison at the age of eighty years. His very body

was banished from the city, and all were forbidden to bestow upon it the last funeral rites.

About the year 280 B.C. a horde of barbarian warriors from Gaul, now called France, marched into Macedonia. They were commanded by Brennus, and having defeated the King of Macedon, dispersed themselves over all Greece, in search of plunder. The Greeks attacked them repeatedly, but the fierce barbarians were victorious.

At length, as a large part of the army, commanded by Brennus, approached the temple of Apollo at Delphi, with a view to carry off its rich treasures, a terrible storm arose, and an earthquake tore open the earth beneath the feet of the invaders. In this way thousands of them were instantly destroyed, together with their leaders, and the miserable remnant of the army were slain by the inhabitants of Greece.

About ten years after these events, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and the most renowned commander of his time, declared war against Sparta, and brought his armies to the very gates of the city. Animated by something of their ancient spirit, the inhabitants made a noble defence. Men, women, and children engaged with the most determined vigour in the effort to repel the assault.

Pyrrhus was at length obliged to withdraw, but afterwards, being admitted into the town by treachery, he was killed in the streets by a woman, who threw a tile upon his head from the roof of

a house. This she did in revenge for the death of her son, which Pyrrhus had occasioned.

In the year 237 several of the smaller states of Greece formed a league to protect each other against the larger states. Achaia being the principal of these small states, and having projected the scheme, it was called the Achæan league. Sparta and Etolia declared war against the members of the league, and defeated them in several battles.

The result was, that the Achæans were deserted by their colleagues, and therefore applied to the King of Macedon for assistance. This was granted, and the Spartans, under Cleomenes, were overthrown. Sparta itself became subject to Macedon, and sank into insignificance. The Macedonians returned home, and a temporary suspension of the war took place.

But it soon broke out afresh, and the Achæans again sought and obtained succour from Macedon. At this time Aratus was their leader, but Philip, the new King of Macedon, came into Greece, and caused him to be poisoned.

After his death, the Achæan league was supported by Philopoemen, the last distinguished leader whom Greece produced. He has sometimes been called the last of the Greeks. In the course of the war he took Sparta, and razed its walls to the ground. Thus, this proud city was prostrated, never again to rise from its ruins.

Philip now turned his arms against the Etolians,

who, being reduced to the last extremity, applied to the Romans for assistance. Rome, at this time, had become a powerful nation, and was rapidly advancing toward that greatness which she afterwards attained. The request of the Etolians was granted, and thus a foundation was laid for the speedy destruction of Grecian independence. A Roman army marched into Macedonia; Philip gave them battle, but was defeated, and obliged to sue for peace.

Perseus succeeded Philip, but he was soon involved in war with the Romans. He was attacked, defeated, and carried in triumph to Rome, as a prisoner of war. Macedonia was then reduced to a Roman province. This took place in 167 B.C.

The approaching fate of Greece was not long averted. Disputes rose between the states, war ensued, and the Spartans called on Rome for assistance. Their request was complied with, but with the intention of taking possession of the whole country. The Roman legions marched into Greece, and the Achæan army was defeated by Metellus, their general; the remainder, which had fled to Corinth, were captured by Mummius. The Achæan league was now dissolved, and Greece, humbled, broken, and crushed, became a Roman province in the year 146 B.C.

CHAPTER XV

Remains—The great men of Greece—Aristotle—Socrates—Plato—
Homer—Anacreon—Pindar—Theocritus—Dress of the Greeks
—Eating—Drinking.

THOUGH I have already described some of the present remains of ancient Greece, I will here describe a few more. If I had told you of them all at one and the same time, it would have wearied you.

Before doing so, however, I will give you a very brief description of Athens itself. We have already told you that it consisted of two parts, the upper and lower town, the whole being surrounded with walls. The upper town (Acropolis) consisted of a rocky platform about 200 feet in height, 1000 in breadth from east to west, and 460 in length from north to south. The lower city was built in the plain round the Acropolis, but this plain also contained several hills in the west and south-west. West of the Acropolis was an irregular-shaped hill called Areopagus or Hill of Mars. Here, you will remember, the Apostle Paul preached to the men of Athens. To the south-west was a third hill, the Pnyx, where the assemblies of the people were held, and to the south of this was a fourth hill, known as the Museum. On the eastern and western sides of the city ran two small streams called the Ilissus and the Cephissus. South of the city lay the Saronic Gulf with the harbours of Athens.

The summit of the Acropolis was, after the Persian wars, covered with numerous temples, statues of bronze and marble, and other works of art. Of the temples the grandest was the Parthenon, so called from the virgin goddess Athene. This temple, 65 feet in height, was built entirely of Pentelic marble and adorned with a wealth of sculpture by Phidias. The colossal statue of the goddess, wrought in ivory and gold, was one of his masterpieces. Its height, including the base, was nearly 40 feet. The goddess was represented standing and wearing a long robe reaching down to the feet, with a spear in her left hand and an image of victory, six feet high, in her right. Another gigantic statue of the goddess, wrought in bronze, stood in the open air near the west brow of the Acropolis.

A little to the north of the Parthenon were three temples, now, of course, in ruins. That to the east was called Erechtheum; to the west of this, but under the same roof, was the temple of Minerva Polias, as protectress of the city; the temple to the south was called Pandroseum, from one of the daughters of Cecrops.

The Octagon Tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes, or, as it is otherwise called, the Tower of the Winds, is well worth attention. It has a Triton at the top, and the emblematical figures, representing the winds, are of a curious description, and executed with the greatest care. It was the water-clock, as well as the weather guide, of ancient Athens.

The temple of Apollo Epicurius was another of

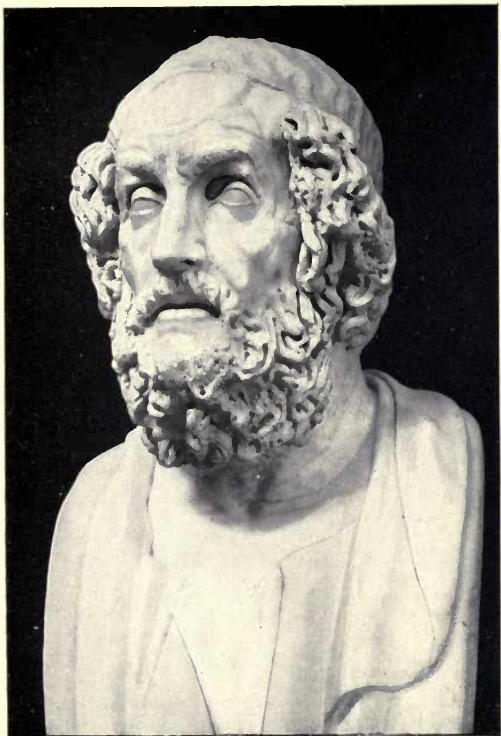
those magnificent structures with which Greece abounded, and which could not be regarded without mingled wonder and admiration. It is difficult to say whether the noble pillars yet standing, or the broken fragments lying around in profusion, most affect the mind. Certain it is that both leave a deep impression of the extent and magnificence which once must have adorned this splendid temple.

It stands on Mount Cotilium in Arcadia, and was built by Iktinos, who erected the Parthenon under the direction of the famous Phidias. The building is of close-grained stone, and the roof of marble. No temple in the Peloponnesus was admired so much as this.

The temples of Greece are so interwoven with its history that they ought not to be overlooked in the description of this interesting country. I will, therefore, introduce a few more of them by and by, but, for the present, let us continue our narrative.

I have told you in brief terms the story of Greece, from the time that Inachus, with his little party of followers, established himself amid the wild forests of Peloponnesus, down to the destruction of her liberty by a foreign power. I have described the gradual settlement of the country, and shown you the steps by which Greece ascended to the highest pitch of fame.

I have detailed her actions in her days of glory, and pointed out the events which attended her



M 895

HOMER

From the bust, in Naples Museum

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decline and fall. At the period where we now pause, the independence of Greece is no more. Rome in its youth and vigour is beginning to crush the nations around her, and the countries of Leonidas, Miltiades, and Epaminondas are already prostrated beneath her gigantic arm.

But although Greece has fallen, her history does not close here. My readers are, I trust, too much interested in this country of tall mountains, bright rivers, and green islands, to be willing to leave it yet. They are, I hope, eager to pursue the history of the descendants of those Spartans, Athenians, and Thebans, of whom I have given them some account.

But before I proceed in their story, I am anxious to make you more intimately acquainted with the peculiar manners, customs, feelings, and opinions of the ancient Greeks. I have been constantly afraid that my story would be so long as to render it tedious, and although many people have remarked, that Peter Parley talks too much, I assure my young friends that he is ready to shut his mouth whenever they cease to listen.

I shall not stop to give you a particular account of the great learning of some of the ancient Greek philosophers. I have already told you something about Aristotle, Demosthenes, and others. I could tell you of Plato, who lived in the time of Alcibiades, and was perhaps the greatest of all the ancient philosophers.

I could tell you also of orators, statesmen,

generals, and other distinguished individuals, until you would agree that nothing in the history of Greece is so remarkable as the great number of her men of genius. But of these, and other interesting topics, I can only give you a hasty sketch.

Among the philosophers of ancient Greece, Aristotle, whom I have already mentioned as the preceptor of Alexander, was one of the ablest. He gave public lectures, this being the custom of that day, in which he inculcated his opinions on various subjects. Students came to listen to his instructions from all parts of Greece, and other adjacent countries. It was his custom to deliver his lectures while he was walking, the students at the same time following, eager to catch every word.

Socrates lived in the time of Alcibiades, and was considered by the Greeks as the wisest and most virtuous man of the age. Yet his very superiority of character raised up enemies against him among the vulgar, the ignorant, and the wicked. These persons induced the Athenians to put him in prison. He was condemned to drink the juice of hemlock, which you know is a strong poison, but this did not disturb his tranquillity. Apollodorus, one of his disciples, lamented that he should die *innocent*. "What!" replied Socrates, "would you have me die guilty?" He took the bowl of poison into his hands—well might he who brought it turn away his face, and his friends weep!—he held it while he commended himself to the gods,

and then drank it off with the greatest composure. He died in the year 399 B.C.

Plato was born in the year 429 B.C., and for eight years was the pupil of Socrates. He delivered his lectures in a grove near Athens, called *Academos*, from which circumstance the word *academy* has since been applied to schools. So great was his reputation that the first young men from various parts of the world came to be his pupils. He had very sublime ideas of religion, virtue, and truth, and he delivered these with so much sweetness and eloquence that his listeners were enchanted. The Greeks spoke of him as *Plato the Divine*.

There were many other celebrated philosophers in Greece, but I must leave them now and tell you of the poets. Homer, the greatest poet of ancient times, perhaps the greatest that ever lived, I have already mentioned. When this great man was born, how he lived, or where he died are matters of uncertainty.

The general opinion is that he lived about the year 900 B.C., and was a wandering minstrel who went from place to place, reciting or singing his verses. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, his two great poems, were composed in separate parts, and, but for the care of *Lycurgus*, would doubtless have been lost. They celebrated the actions of heroes and imaginary gods, and are full of the deepest interest.

In the *Iliad*, *Achilles* is the bravest Grecian

warrior, and Hector the bravest Trojan. A battle takes place between them, when Achilles kills Hector, and drags him at his chariot wheels.

There were a multitude of other poets in Greece, some of whom acquired great celebrity; among these was Anacreon, who wrote about love; Pindar, who composed sublime odes; and Theocritus, who sang about shepherds and shepherdesses, who lived in the country. There were also many poets who wrote pieces for the stage.

But we must now leave poets and philosophers, and take a view of the private life of the ancient Greeks. The men wore an inner garment called a tunic, over which they threw a mantle; their shoes, or sandals, were bound under their feet with thongs or ropes. In ancient times the Greeks went with their heads uncovered; but, afterwards, they used hats which tied under the chin.

The women always covered their heads with a veil which came down upon the shoulders; they wore in their hair golden grasshoppers, and earrings were suspended from their ears. The rest of their dress consisted of a white tunic, fastened with a broad sash, and descending in folds down to their heels.

The Greeks usually made four meals a day: the morning meal, which was taken at the rising of the sun; the next at mid-day; the afternoon repast; and the supper, which was the principal meal, as it was taken after the business of the day.

In the early ages their food was the fruits of

the earth, and their drink water; the flesh of animals was introduced at a later period. This brought on the luxuries of the table, and some of the cities of Greece became renowned for producing excellent cooks. The Spartans, as we have before mentioned, ate at public tables; their chief food consisted of black broth.

The poor sometimes fed on grasshoppers, and the extremities of leaves. In general the Greeks were very fond of flesh. Their usual drink was water, either hot or cold, but most commonly the latter, which was sometimes cooled with ice. Wines were very generally used, and even perfumed wines were introduced at the tables of the rich.

Before the Greeks went to an entertainment, they washed and anointed themselves; when they arrived, the entertainer either took them by the hand, or kissed their lips, hands, knees, or feet, as they deserved more or less respect. It must be observed concerning the guests, that men and women were never invited together.

They sat at meat either quite upright or leaning a little backward; but in the more degenerate ages they adopted the eastern custom of reclining on beds and couches. As soon as the provisions were set on the table, and before the guests began to eat, a part was offered as a sort of first-fruits to the gods.

They had a custom, similar to ours, of drinking healths, not only to those present, but to their

absent friends; and at every name they poured a little wine on the ground, which was called a libation. The entertainment being ended, a hymn was sung to the gods; after this the company was amused with music, dancing, and mimicry, or whatever could tend to excite mirth and cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XVI

Religion of the Greeks—Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Mars, Venus, Minerva, and Apollo—Temples and Oracles.

THE Greeks believed in the existence of many immortal beings called gods and goddesses, who were supposed to exercise their power and influence, some above, and some beneath, the skies.

I will tell you how some of these imaginary beings are usually represented in drawings, paintings, and sculpture.

JUPITER, supposed to be at the head of them all, is seated on a throne in the clouds, with an eagle beside him. In his right hand he holds his thunderbolts, to hurl them on the heads of those who call forth his wrath.

JUNO is represented in a car drawn by peacocks. She was said to be the daughter of Saturn and Ops, and sister and wife of Jupiter. Many temples were erected to her in different parts of Greece, but the most famous were at Argos and Olympia. She was considered the patroness of the most virtuous of her

sex, and as ready to reward them as to punish vice.

NEPTUNE is seated in a car on the ocean, with sea-horses attached to it. There are also figures blowing conch shells. He was considered to be the son of Saturn and Ops, and brother of Jupiter, Pluto, and Juno. He was the god of the sea, and more powerful than any other of the gods except Jupiter.

MARS is drawn in a war chariot, with a shield in one hand and a javelin in the other, while fiery steeds convey him swiftly to the fight.

Besides these there were Venus, the goddess of beauty; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Apollo, the god of music and poetry; and very many others.

They amounted, in fact, to many thousands, and were imagined to fill the earth, the air, and the sea. Every mountain, every hill, and every valley had its presiding deity; the rivers, brooks, lakes, and lawns were all supposed to be the favourite resorts of playful nymphs, that danced and sported among them.

So lively, indeed, was the imagination of the Greeks, that the thunder seemed to them but the voice of Jupiter; the rushing winds were but the breath of Eolus; the soft breezes of summer were the movement of the zephyr's wing; the echo of the forest was the voice of a goddess; the murmur of a fountain was the music of a nymph; and the gurgling waters of the grotto were but the tones of the presiding deity. All nature, to them, was full

of life and beauty, and whatever charmed their imagination seemed to become the chosen haunt of immortal beings.

It is easy to perceive that a religion like this affords great scope for poetry; and it is, doubtless, to this mythology that we may attribute much of the interest belonging to the works of the ancient Greek poets.

But though there was much that was pleasing in the Grecian religion, there was also much that was painful and revolting, notwithstanding which many of the Greeks entertained a sincere reverence for it. The stories of their gods had come down to them from long tradition, and though every poet added some new inventions of his own, the people observed the ceremonies and rites of religion with considerable strictness.

The priests and rulers caused splendid temples to be erected to the gods, and the people could not doubt the existence, or despise the character of those immortal beings, to whom such sublime edifices were dedicated.

The number of temples consecrated to the gods in different parts of Greece was very great; in the flourishing ages they were generally of stone, and many of them of costly marble. The perfection of their architecture is matter of astonishment at the present day; it is admitted that no nation and no age has produced anything to rival these public edifices.

In the ancient temples, statues of the gods to

whom they are dedicated were erected in, or near, the middle of the building, and enclosed by a railing. Around these were altars, upon which sacrifices of various kinds were offered.

The Oracles were certain temples in which future events were said to be made known by means of priests or priestesses, who were supposed to converse familiarly with the gods. The oracles of the greatest repute were the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and the Oracle of Jupiter at Dodona.

Such was the religion of the ancient Greeks. The gospel had not yet dawned on mankind, and these heathens formed a system for themselves. However ingenious and poetical it may be, we cannot but remark its gross absurdity, and its utter inability to mend the heart and correct the manners of mankind. How poor, indeed, are the attempts of man to form a religion for himself! how contemptibly little is Jupiter, the highest of the Grecian deities, and how immeasurably great is the one living and true God revealed in the Scriptures!

CHAPTER XVII

The Romans—War with Mithridates—His defeat—Sufferings of the Greeks—Sicilian corsairs—Depopulation of Greece—Civil wars of Rome—Saint Paul's visit to Greece—Constantine—Constantinople becomes the seat of his empire—Rome—Roman empire—Alaric—Pillage of Rome—Division of the empire—Western empire extinguished—Eastern empire—Taking of Constantinople by the Turks.

WE must now resume the history of Greece. I shall begin at the year 146 B.C., when it became subject to Rome. It is impossible to relate all the great and interesting events which belong to its story from that time to the present, but I shall endeavour to give you a clear view of those which best deserve attention.

After the conquest of Greece, the Romans put no bounds to their ambition. They became desirous of conquering the whole world, and turning their arms against every nation within their reach, subdued a great part of Europe, and at length invaded Asia.

Here they were opposed by Mithridates, King of Pontus. He was a man of great abilities, and defeated the Romans in several engagements. The Greeks hated their Roman oppressors, and were induced to take part with Mithridates. But he was at length defeated by a famous general, named Sylla, and the poor Greeks, now left to his mercy, were treated with the most cruel severity. Athens and Boeotia, in particular, excited his anger, and

were, therefore, covered with desolation by the conqueror.

Scarcely were these calamities over when this devoted country became the prey of some corsairs, or sea robbers, from Sicily. These pirates were very formidable, having no less than one thousand ships, and being in possession, at one time, of four hundred towns along the borders of the Mediterranean.

For forty years Greece was subject to their cruel depredations. They visited the seaports, burnt and plundered the towns, and slew the inhabitants. Many of these people retired to the mountains, but the country was at length so depopulated that these very corsairs, who were at length conquered and taken, were sent to Greece to repeople it.

Soon after these events Rome became the theatre of civil war, and Greece, during this unhappy period, was drenched with blood. She also continued to suffer from the oppressions of the Roman rulers, and was repeatedly overrun by the invasions of barbarous tribes from the more northern portions of Europe.

Amidst all these misfortunes we can find only one event of a pleasing nature. A few years after the death of Christ, the apostle Paul, who had been commissioned by his great master to preach the gospel in distant lands, came to Athens.

On arriving there his heart was moved to perceive that the inhabitants were all devoted to idolatry. He, therefore, went before the people,

and preached the doctrines of Christianity with great eloquence and effect. He then went to Corinth, and in that city also set forth the great truths of the gospel. Having thus laid the foundation of several churches in Greece, he returned to Asia. The fine figure of Paul preaching at Athens, by Rafaele, is thought to be one of the most perfect ever drawn.

Hitherto the city of Rome, in Italy, had been the seat of the Roman empire; but Constantine, who became emperor in the year 306 A.D., transferred the government to Constantinople, and made that city the place of his residence. Up to this time the Christians had suffered a most grievous persecution, but this emperor became their friend.

As he was one day riding at the head of his army, he either saw, or pretended to see, a vision of a splendid cross in the heavens, upon which was written: "Conquer by this". After this he adopted Christianity as the religion of the state, and caused the persecutions to cease throughout his dominions.

From this period Christianity flourished for a time, and many churches were established throughout Greece. Several of the Greek bishops became eminent for their learning and piety, and Greece itself, for a short time, seemed to be reviving from its ruins.

It was about one hundred years after Constantine that the Roman empire began to be shaken with convulsions which threatened its dissolution.

It was attacked on every side, and country by country was separated from it. At length, when it was weakened and dismembered, a tribe of terrible barbarians, headed by a fierce leader called Alaric, came from the north. These fell upon Rome, carried the city by storm, and committed a great part of it to the flames. This occurred in the year 410 after the coming of our Saviour.

Soon after this event the Roman empire was divided into two parts. Rome was the capital of one, and Constantinople of the other. The former was called the Western empire, the latter the Eastern or Greek empire. After the sacking of Rome by Alaric, that city was often visited by barbarian hordes, and finally, in the year 476, the government passed from the Romans into the hands of Odoacer.

Thus the empire of Rome was extinguished, and a power which had existed for more than one thousand two hundred years was shaken to the earth. An age of darkness now came over the land where light and science had once shone, and a gloom, like that which follows a conflagration at night, overshadowed Europe.

The Eastern empire continued for many centuries, sometimes rising to a considerable pitch of splendour, and then again sinking into insignificance. Finally it was overthrown by the Turks, who took Constantinople in the year 1453 A.D.

Amidst the calamities which attended and followed the fall of the Western empire, Greece,

overrun by barbarian hordes, saw her magnificent cities laid in ruins, her numerous towns levelled with the ground, and those monuments of her glory, which had hitherto escaped outrage, defaced and overthrown; while the descendants of men who blessed the nation with science and art were either enslaved by the invaders, led into captivity, or slaughtered by the swords of the barbarians. Such was the state of Greece, with little variation, from the Gothic invasion till the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, which has just been related.

PETER PARLEY'S TALES

II.—ABOUT ROME

CHAPTER XVIII

Foundation of Rome—Death of Remus—Romulus made king—
Division of the people—Rape of the Sabines—Death of Romulus.

BEFORE we enter upon the Roman history, I must warn you, my young friends, that the evidence with respect to the events recorded in the first four centuries of that history is by no means to be relied on. It rests upon no better authority than very doubtful traditions. The early annals of all nations have, indeed, the same defect; they are either wholly fabulous, or contain a large mixture of fable. It is necessary, however, that you should be acquainted with Roman history as it is generally received, and, therefore, we will begin with Romulus, who is said to have founded the celebrated city of Rome.

Who Romulus was we cannot now determine. The ancient poets have left us many stories about him, but they are, probably, all fabulous. One of the stories is, that he and his brother Remus were

suckled by a wolf. He was doubtless a man of superior intelligence, and gained great influence over the rude people among whom he lived. The popular tale of Romulus is this. That he was the twin brother of Remus; that the mother of the twins, when in prison, put them both into a basket and dropped them into the Tiber, where Faustulus, the shepherd of the King of Alba, found them, and brought them up as his own children.

In the year 753 before Christ, Romulus laid the foundation of Rome. In this he was assisted by his brother Remus. Arriving on the banks of the Tiber, they disputed for some time about the place where they should plant their new city. Other differences arose between them, and it was at length determined that they should decide the dispute by observing the flight of birds.

They determined that he who made the most favourable observation should have the entire control, and direct the other in all respects. In compliance with this, each took his station upon a different hill. Twelve vultures appeared to Romulus, and six to his brother; but Remus saw the birds first. Each claimed the victory. A quarrel arose, and when Remus, to show his contempt, leaped over the walls of the city, he was struck dead by his brother's hand.

Romulus was now eighteen years of age, and sole ruler. A few mud-built cottages, in irregular streets, formed the whole of the little settlement that was one day to be the reigning city of the

world. Even the palace of the chief was merely a rude hovel. The commencement of the city was made upon Mount Palatine, and it was called Rome in honour of its founder.

The first measure taken by Romulus to promote the increase of his city was a very singular one. He made it a place of refuge for thieves, runaway slaves, and men who had been driven from their native places for some crime.

The city was hardly raised above its foundation when the people began to form a government. Romulus was chosen king by universal consent. He was clothed in a robe of distinction, and allowed the privilege of a guard to attend his person. Twelve lictors were also appointed to precede him; each of them was armed with an axe, tied up in a bundle of rods.

Romulus divided the inhabitants into three tribes. Each tribe was again divided into ten *curiæ*, or companies of a hundred men. The senate, a body intended to advise and consult with the king, was composed of one hundred of the principal citizens, distinguished for their valour, wisdom, or age.

The religion of the colony was the earliest care of the new monarch, though it is not now known what were its particular forms at that period. It principally consisted in a blind confidence in the opinions of certain priests, or soothsayers, who pretended to derive a knowledge of the future from the flight of birds, and an examination of the entrails of beasts.

By the advice of the senate, Romulus now sent deputies to the Sabines, a neighbouring nation, to request their friendship and alliance. The object of this proposal was to procure wives for his subjects, and thus to secure the duration of the city. His embassy was treated with contempt and insult; for the Sabines were warlike and powerful, and were unwilling to form an alliance with a colony of reformed criminals.

In consequence of this rejection, Romulus proclaimed, through all the adjacent villages, a great feast in honour of the god Neptune. These entertainments were usually attended with sacrifices, and exhibitions of wrestlers, gladiators, and chariot races. He presumed that the Sabines would join in these sports, and bring their wives and children to see the spectacle.

His hopes were not unfounded. The feast-day arrived, and the Sabines were among the foremost to share its pleasures. On a given signal, a number of Roman youths, with drawn swords, rushed in among the strangers, and seized the most beautiful of their women, and carried them off in triumph.

A sanguinary war followed this outrage. It was terminated by the conduct of the Sabine women, who had now become the wives of the Romans. In the last battle that was fought, they rushed in between the combatants, and implored their husbands and fathers to desist from their anger, and enter into a treaty of peace and friendship.

As if by mutual consent the warriors upon both

sides threw down their weapons. A treaty was soon concluded, by which it was agreed that Tatius, King of the Sabines, and Romulus, should be joint kings of Rome. Some time after, Tatius was murdered by the Lavinians, and Romulus again became sole monarch.

The senate now began to be displeased at the tyrannical conduct of their king. They determined to rid themselves of his presence. On some public occasion he suddenly disappeared. The people were told that he had been mysteriously taken up to heaven, and were taught to worship him as a god. He was probably murdered by the senators.

The danger to which kings, in almost all ages, have been subject, and the violent deaths which many of them have died, ought to reconcile those of a lowlier situation to their lot. Better is a little with God's blessing than great riches and honours with the fear of an untimely end.

CHAPTER XIX

Numa Pompilius king—His character and conduct—Tullus Hostilius—Story of the Horatii and Curiatii—Ancus Marcius—Tarquinius Priscus—His conquests—The Augurs—Anecdote—Assassination of Tarquin—Servius Tullius—Horrid conduct of his daughter.

ON the death of Romulus many difficulties occurred in the choice of a successor to the throne.

The Sabines and the Romans were both desirous

to elect one from their own numbers. Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, was at length chosen by the senate, with the general consent of the people.

This king was of a very peaceful and pious disposition. He built many new temples, appointed sacred feasts and offices, and by his example promoted a respect for religion and all the virtues. To encourage agriculture, he divided among the poorer part of his subjects the lands which Romulus had gained in war. He also abolished all distinctions between the Romans and Sabines. Having reigned forty-three years in peace, he died at the age of eighty. He gave orders that his remains should be enclosed in a stone coffin and buried. It was customary at that time to burn the bodies of the dead.

Tullus Hostilius succeeded to Numa. He was devoted to the love of arms and enterprise, and sought an early occasion to lead his forces into the field. His first war was with the Albans. The two armies met about five miles from Rome, and were both anxiously waiting for the signal of battle. Just at this time an unexpected proposal was made by the Alban general.

Advancing between the armies, he offered the Romans a choice of deciding the dispute by single combat. There happened to be at this time in each army three brothers of one birth; those of the Romans were called Horatii, those of the Albans Curiatii. It was determined to leave to them the fate of the two armies. The champions met. Two

of the Horatii were slain in the combat, but the survivor avenged the death of his brothers, and decided the victory for the Romans.

On returning home, the young conqueror was met by his sister, whom he beheld bathed in tears, and lamenting the loss of the Curiatii. To one of them she was engaged to be married, and she upbraided her brother for his death. Forgetting all the ties of nature, and provoked by the grief of his sister, he plunged his sword into her bosom. Notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, courage and cruelty are too often found in the same bosom. For this crime he was condemned to die by the senate, but he obtained a pardon by appealing to the people.

Hostilius died after a reign of thirty-two years. His death was said to have been by lightning, but he more probably fell by treason. His successor was Ancus Martius. This monarch achieved many victories, and greatly enlarged and beautified the city, and added to the wealth of his subjects. He left his sons under the guardianship of Tarquinius Priscus, a native of Corinth, and a man of wealth, who had been persuaded by his wife to come and settle at Rome. On his first entry into the city, it is said that an eagle stooped from the air, took off his hat, and, flying for some time about his chariot, replaced it upon his head. This his wife considered as a presage that he should wear a crown.

Tarquin used all his arts to set aside the children

of the late monarch, and to have himself placed upon the throne in their stead. He was successful, and the people unanimously elected him king. The early part of his reign was just and peaceful, but it was soon disturbed by the inroads of neighbouring nations. Having defeated the Latins, and forced them to beg a peace, he turned his arms against the Sabines, who had again risen and passed the Tiber. He attacked their army with much vigour, and completely routed them.

Having thus subdued his enemies, Tarquin turned his thoughts to public works for the convenience and ornament of the city. It has almost always been a custom during peace for kings to set on foot national works, not only for public advantage, but to occupy the time and attention of their subjects, and to keep them from plots and insubordination. During Tarquin's reign the augurs advanced much in the good opinion of the people, and nothing was undertaken without their advice and approbation. The wife of the king pretended to this art, but she was much excelled by Accius Nævius, the most celebrated augur ever known in Rome.

On one occasion the king was desirous to try his skill, and asked him whether that which he was then thinking about could be done. Having examined his auguries, he boldly replied that it could. "Why, then," said Tarquin, with a smile, "I had thoughts of cutting this whetstone with a razor."—"Cut boldly," replied the augur; and the king

cut it through accordingly. This was probably a trick, planned between the king and the augur, in order to deceive the people, and lead them to give confidence to the answers of the augur.

The sons of Ancus at length conspired against Tarquin, and procured his assassination. Two ruffians were hired, who, on pretence of seeking justice of the king, asked to speak with him in his palace, and struck him dead with the blow of an axe. They were put to death, but the sons of Ancus found safety in flight.

Servius Tullius, the son of a slave, was now appointed king by the senate. In the beginning of his reign he gave his two daughters in marriage to the grandsons of Tarquin. One of these, named Tullia, united with Lucius, her sister's husband, to secure the throne for themselves. The old king was murdered, and the daughter drove her chariot over his mangled body as it was lying in the highway. Thus perished this monarch, who was just, prosperous, and moderate. The history of kings is full of violence and bloodshed. Too often have monarchs waded "through slaughter to a throne", and as often has a violent death closed their career.

CHAPTER XX

Tarquin the Proud—Visit of the Sibyl—Fate of her books—War with the Rutuli—Story of Lucretia—Her fate—Brutus—Expulsion of the Tarquins—Judgment of Brutus—The Veientes—Death of Brutus—Porsenna—Horatius Cocles—Clelia—Porsenna raises the siege.

How little did these Roman kings think that such a one as Peter Parley would ever make them the subject of his conversation to young people, warning them to emulate their virtues, and to avoid their crimes! Lucius Tarquinius, afterwards called the Proud, having thus raised himself to the throne by violence and murder, resolved to support himself there by the same means. His chief aim was to keep the people always occupied, in wars or in public works, that they might have no time to reflect upon his manner of gaining the crown, or to plot his overthrow.

I must now tell you an odd story. During the reign of this king, a strange woman, called the Sibyl, appeared at Rome, offering to sell nine books, which she said were of her own composing. Tarquin refused to buy them, and the stranger departed. After burning three of the volumes, she returned and demanded the same price for the remaining six. Being again refused, she went away, and having burnt three more, returned with the rest. These she offered for the same price that she had before asked for the nine.

Tarquin was much surprised at what seemed the singular impudence of the woman, and consulted the augurs. They blamed him much for not having purchased the nine, and commanded him to spare no expense to procure the remaining three. Tradition states that the strange woman, after delivering the volumes and giving a special charge that their contents should be strictly attended to, vanished, and was never again seen. The books were accordingly deposited in a stone chest, and proper officers were appointed to take care of them.

In the reign of the preceding monarch, the foundation of the Capitol had been laid; and the completion of this building had, for some years in the reign of Tarquin, occupied the attention of the people. When this, however, was finished, they began to grow eager for some new employment. To gratify their desire, Tarquin, on some frivolous pretence, declared war against the Rutuli, and invested Ardea, their capital city, with his troops.

While the army was encamped before the place, Sextus, the son of the king, and Collatinus, were sitting with some friends in a tent drinking wine. The conversation happened to turn upon the beauty and virtue of their wives, each one boasting of his own. At length it was proposed, in order to decide the dispute, to depart immediately for the city, and ascertain in what manner each of them was at that time engaged. Having mounted their horses, though it was quite late in the evening, they galloped off to Rome.

There they found Lucretia, the wife of Collatinus, in the midst of her handmaids, spinning, and directing their labours. In this she was unlike other ladies of her rank, who passed their time in luxury and indolence. The kind and easy reception which she gave her husband and his friends, notwithstanding the suddenness of their visit, so charmed and delighted them that they at once decided the dispute in her favour.

Sextus, charmed by her beauty and innocence, privately left the camp and visited the house of Lucretia. Here he repaid his kind reception by the most cruel and dishonourable conduct.

Next day Lucretia sent for her husband and her father, and told them of the insult which had been offered by Sextus. "For me", she said, "there is nothing now worth living for. I cannot and will not live dishonoured; but if you have the hearts of men, you will avenge my cause."

As she finished these words, she drew a dagger from beneath her robe, and stabbed herself to the heart. All remained fixed in sorrow and indignation; the father and the husband burst into tears. Junius Brutus, who had always been thought an idiot, and who chanced to be present, drew the poniard from the wound of Lucretia, and swore he would be the avenger of her wrongs. "From this moment", he cried, "I will pursue Tarquin and his house with a deadly enmity, and devote my life to win and protect the freedom of my country."

The spectators were astonished to hear such

language from one whom they had always looked upon as a fool. But Brutus had only been playing an assumed part, and had seized a favourable moment to appear in his real character, as the lover of liberty and the friend of justice. Ordering the dead body to be carried into the forum, he there harangued the people with great fervour and eloquence. By a decree of the senate, Tarquin and his family were for ever banished from Rome, and it was made a capital crime to assist in their restoration.

The kingly power having thus been overthrown, Brutus, and Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia, were appointed the first consuls. The new government thus formed was called a republic, but it was threatened with destruction at its very commencement. Some young men of the principal families of the state, who had been educated in all the pleasures and luxuries of the court, formed a party to restore Tarquin to power.

This party increased slowly and secretly; and even the sons of Brutus were induced to join them. The plot was accidentally discovered by a slave; and Brutus was called to sit in judgment upon his children. Nothing in nature could be more severe and heart-rending. The accused said nothing in their defence, but waited in silent despair for the sentence which the law pronounced upon their crime. Of all the judges, Brutus alone seemed to have lost the softer feelings of humanity.

With a stern and unyielding countenance he

demanded of his sons what they had to say in their defence. This question he repeated three times, when he turned to the executioner and said: "My duty is now discharged; it is for you to perform the rest". Nothing could induce him to alter his decree; neither the prayers of the people, nor the complaints of the young men, nor his own fatherly affection. The unfortunate youths were stripped, whipped with rods, and beheaded in the presence of an awe-struck multitude. There is something stern, but much that is high and noble-minded, in that justice which will not relax its severity to save a son's life.

All Tarquin's hope now depended on foreign assistance. He prevailed upon the Veientes to assist him with a considerable army, and advanced at their head towards Rome. The consuls went forth to meet them. A battle ensued, in which Brutus, and Aruns, the son of Tarquin, in a furious attack upon each other, were both slain. Great numbers fell on both sides; but the Veientes were driven from the field.

Though conquered, Tarquin still retained hope. He applied for assistance to Porsenna, King of Etruria (the country which is now Tuscany), and succeeded in obtaining it. A large army was raised, and marched to the neighbourhood of Rome. Great terror was excited in the city. The consuls marched out to give battle, and were carried off from the field covered with wounds. The Romans gave way, were driven back, and pursued to the

bridge which led into the city. All now seemed lost, and all would have been lost but for the valour of a single man.

This man was a soldier named Horatius Cocles. He had been placed as a sentinel to defend the bridge, and opposed himself with great courage to the torrent of enemies. For some minutes he sustained the whole fury of the assault, till the bridge was cut down behind him, when he leapt into the river, and swam back to his fellow soldiers in safety.

Porsenna was determined to persevere in the siege, and, if necessary, reduce the city by famine. The distress of the Romans soon became almost insufferable, and was only relieved by another instance of great courage and energy. A youth named Mutius resolved to take the life of the Etrurian king. Dressed in the garb of a peasant, he entered the camp of the enemy, and proceeded to the royal tent. Here he found the monarch, with a secretary by his side, reviewing and paying his troops.

Mistaking the latter for the king, he stabbed him to the heart, and was instantly seized. On Porsenna's demanding the cause of this action, Mutius informed him, without disguise, of his motive, at the same time thrusting his right hand into the fire which was burning on an altar before him. "Behold", said he, "how easily I scorn your vengeance. The Roman can suffer patiently, as well as dare bravely. Three hundred Romans are

now in your camp, sworn to do that in which I have failed."

Porsenna was struck with admiration at the courage of the youth, and gave him a safe-conduct to Rome; in doing this he displayed far more greatness of mind than had been shown by the intended assassin. He then offered the citizens liberal conditions of peace, which were at once accepted. Hostages were given for its proper observance. Clelia, one of the hostages, took advantage of the negligence of her guard, and swam across the Tiber on horseback, followed by her companions, amid a shower of darts from the enemy.

They presented themselves before the consul, and by him were sent back to Porsenna. The king, not to be outdone in generosity, restored them to their country. Sensible of the honour of his enemies, and the baseness of the Tarquins, whose cause he had espoused, he rejected their alliance, and took up his march from the city. Such instances as these which I have recounted, of disinterestedness and patriotism, show that in reading history we furnish ourselves with examples well worthy of our closest imitation.

CHAPTER XXI

Coriolanus—The Volsci withdraw—Dissensions among the people—Cincinnatus—The Æqui and Volsci—Dangerous situation of the Roman army—Victory of Cincinnatus—Enemy pass under the yoke—Discontents—Speech of Dentatus—Tyranny of the Decemviri—Defeat of the Romans—Death of Dentatus—Story of Virginius.

THE next great name in the history of Rome is that of Coriolanus, who was so proud and selfish as to prefer his own revenge to the safety of his country. He left Rome and went to her enemy the Volsci, and with an hostile army sat down before the gates of his native city. By the entreaties of his wife and mother, he was induced to withdraw his troops, and was soon after slain in a tumult of the people.

There was great joy at Rome when the Volsci withdrew. In the following year troubles arose between the people and the senate, and Quintus Cincinnatus was appointed dictator. The deputies of the senate found him at his plough, dressed like an humble husbandman. He seemed reluctant to leave his retirement, and, bidding a farewell to his wife, he only said: "I fear, my Racilia, that for this year our little field must remain unsown". He regretted that his services were needed, but felt bound to yield to the call of his country.

His conduct in office was as honest and successful as could have been hoped from the manner in which he received the office. He only attended to the

true interests of his country, and disregarded the clamour and the flattery of both the contending parties. When by this means he had restored the city to tranquillity, he again sought the quiet and the retirement of his farm. The example of Cincinnatus is very often held up for the advantage of young people. He who can render great service to his country, and afterwards be content to retire into private life, is a great man.

Cincinnatus was not long allowed to enjoy retirement. The Æqui and the Volsci, though defeated and driven back, were able to renew the war, and again advanced towards the city. The consul sent to give them battle was too cautious and timid, and his army was at length driven into a defile between two mountains. No means of escape was left to them, except by fighting a way through their enemies.

The Æqui were resolved not to lose an opportunity like this, and strictly guarded every outlet. The Romans were completely hemmed in, and no lot seemed left for them but to be cut in pieces or perish of hunger. In this dilemma some knights succeeded in passing through the enemy's camp without being discovered, and carried news to Rome of the situation of the army. Nothing could exceed the general terror which this produced. The senate saw no means of relief, except in again calling forth the services of Cincinnatus.

The messengers of the senate found him, as before, in the field. He was astonished at the

authority which was given him, and still more, when he saw the whole senate leaving the city to meet him. His love of simplicity and humble honesty still remained unaltered, and when called upon to select his master of horse, he fixed his choice upon a poor neighbour, named Tarquilius, a sentinel in the army.

On entering the city, the dictator gave orders that all capable of bearing arms should assemble before sunset in the Campus Martius, with arms and provisions. Commencing his march immediately, he came within view of the enemy before daylight. On approaching, he commanded his soldiers to raise a loud shout, that the troops in the defile might learn that relief was at hand.

The Æqui were quite astonished to find themselves the besieged instead of besiegers. But being now attacked on both sides, they threw down their arms, and begged for peace. Cincinnatus refused to grant peace, except on condition that the whole army should pass under the yoke.

This yoke was formed of two spears set upright, with another crossing them on the top. Under this the conquered army was compelled to march, in token of their submission. Their camp was plundered by the Romans of all that was valuable, and their leaders and generals were retained prisoners, to grace the triumph of the conquerors. Cincinnatus then returned to Rome, and resigned his office after having held it but fourteen days. He refused to share in any of the spoils of victory,

and once more retired to the simple life of the husbandman. Is there one among you who would have acted as nobly as Cincinnatus?

Discontents again followed the restoration of peace. Tumults arose among the people, who claimed certain privileges which the senate refused to grant. The plebeians complained that they did not receive their rights, and an old soldier named Dentatus was among the most eager to excite them to a contest.

"For forty years", said he, with an openness of self-praise only to be excused by his age and his services, "I have served my country in the wars. I have fought one hundred and twenty battles, in which, by my single arm, I have not only slain many enemies, but have saved many friends. Three-and-twenty crowns have been placed, by my countrymen, on a head which has grown gray in their service; and I have won trophies of spears, trappings, bracelets, and chains.

"My body bears forty wounds, in front, each telling of my patriotism. These are my honours; what other have been my rewards? The land which I have won from the enemy has been distributed to enrich those who were already wealthy. My lot has been poverty and contempt."

The words of Dentatus excited much sympathy among the people. They cried aloud for the passing of a law which should reward such services as they deserved. A tumult ensued. The young patricians rushed into the crowd,

broke the balloting boxes, and dispersed the multitude. For this they were afterwards fined by the tribunes, but the passing of the desired law was prevented.

The city had now been erected about three hundred years, and had seen kings and consuls passing away, while lasting contentions still remained between the senate and the people. Magistrates were overbearing and arbitrary; subjects were proud and factious. It was at length agreed that ambassadors should be sent to Athens and other cities, to collect and bring home a body of laws, that should be adapted to the wants of the Roman people.

On the return of this embassy, the laws they had collected were put into the hands of ten men, called decemvirs, appointed to select and arrange them. The power of these men was made equal to that of the kings and consuls. For a year they attended industriously to business, and, having completed their work, they were expected to retire from office. Artfully retaining their power for a short time longer, they finally determined to establish themselves in an absolute tyranny.

The citizens were now in a state of complete and abject slavery. Their masters ruled them with despotic authority. While in this miserable situation, their old enemies advanced to within ten miles of the city. The Roman army was divided into three parts: one remained in the city, and the other two marched out to give battle.

The news of the defeat of the army was received at Rome with much rejoicing. It gave an opportunity to the people to exclaim against the ill conduct of their decemvirs. They cried out for a general to lead them to conquest, and demanded the appointment of a dictator. Among others, old Dentatus spoke with his usual freedom and roughness.

This openness exposed him to the hatred of the decemvirs, and they determined to be revenged. On some idle pretence, Dentatus was despatched to the camp, where he was soon cruelly and basely murdered. He was assassinated by a party of soldiers, who had been hired by his enemies. When attacked, he defended himself with great valour, and killed no less than fifteen, and wounded thirty of them, with his own hand.

Another act of still greater baseness and cowardice was soon after committed in the city. Appius, one of the decemvirs, when sitting on his tribunal to dispense justice, saw a beautiful young female passing to school, with her nurse. Her charms attracted his attention.

Her name was Virginia. She was the daughter of Virginius, a centurion, then absent with the army in the field. She was engaged in marriage to Icilius, formerly a tribune of the people, and their nuptials were to have been celebrated at the close of the campaign. It was at first the intention of Appius to break off this alliance, and to marry the girl himself. The laws of the twelve tables,

however, forbade a patrician to marry with a plebeian, and Appius was unwilling to violate a law of which he had been one of the framers.

A miserable favourite of Appius consented to claim Virginia as his slave. He seized upon her when in school, and carried her before the tribunal of Appius, where he supported his pretended claim by the most palpable falsehoods. The corrupt decemvir adjudged her to be the property of his favourite. Reproaches and clamours from the people followed this unjust sentence, and all things indicated an open insurrection. Icilius boldly opposed the decree, and the friends of the insulted girl sent to Virginius, in the camp, an account of the threatened dishonour of his child.

Virginius returned to the city, burning with his wrongs and purposes of revenge. On the next day he appeared before the tribunal of Appius, leading his daughter by the hand. The accuser was also there, and repeated his charge. Virginius exposed his falsehood, and claimed the rights of a parent and the protection of his country. All was in vain. The tyrant refused to listen to him, and ordered the pretended master to take possession of his slave.

The throng, which surrounded the tribunal of Appius, was soon dispersed, and Virginia was seized by the rude hands of the lictors. Seeing that all was lost, the father entreated Appius to allow him to take a last farewell of one whom he had so long loved and regarded as his child. With

this request the decemvir could not but comply. Virginius took his breathless daughter in his arms, and for a few moments gazed in agony upon her beautiful face.

Then suddenly snatching at a knife which lay in a stall by the forum, he exclaimed: "My dearest, my lost child, this only can save thee". With these words he plunged the weapon into her bosom, and, raising it into the air, swore to devote Appius to death.

With the bloody knife in his hand, he rushed wildly through the streets of the city, calling upon the people to strike for liberty, and to destroy their tyrants. Thence he pursued his way to the camp, calling upon his fellow soldiers to rise and recover the freedom of which the decemvirs had robbed them.

The army received his proposal with shouts of approbation. They deserted their generals, and repaired again to the mountain to which they had retired about forty years before. The senate immediately despatched messengers to offer them the restoration of their old form of government. To this they joyfully acceded, and returned in peace to the camp and the city. Of the decemvirs eight went into voluntary exile, and Appius died in prison by his own hands. This event happened in the year 449 B.C. That a bad action sooner or later will meet with its punishment, is a lesson which cannot too deeply be impressed on the mind.

CHAPTER XXII

Æqui and Volsci—Demands of the people—Military tribunes—
Censors—Plot of Spurius Mælius—Siege of Veii—Anecdote—
Camillus—Descent of the Gauls—Their overthrow—Manlius.

IN every state of society there must be different orders of people, some to direct and others to execute, some to command and others to obey; and the great difficulty is to prevent the powerful from oppressing the weak, and the lower orders from rebelling against the higher. Disputes still continued between the senate and the people; and though the Æqui and Volsci, old enemies of the city, approached to its very walls, the tribunes would not permit the levy of troops. They were afterwards induced to take the field, and the hostile armies were completely routed.

The people now demanded that the plebeians should be admitted to the consulship as well as the patricians. They also called for the abolition of the law which forbade the intermarriage of these two classes. This affair was settled by allowing the plebeians to elect from their number military tribunes, certain officers invested with consular power. Yet this privilege they were fickle enough to abandon in the following year. Two officers, called censors, were first appointed at this time, 437 B.C. It was their duty to number the people, and to keep account of the military strength of the community.

The quiet that followed the creation of this new office was of short duration. A famine pressed hard upon the poor, and they renewed their usual complaints against the senate and the consuls. Spurius Mælius at this time aspired to the sovereign power, and endeavoured to acquire influence in the state by daily distributions of corn among the people. At length his house became a complete asylum for the lazy and the profligate.

Having in this manner procured a large number of obedient and dependent followers, he purchased great quantities of arms, and had them carried by night into his house. The plot was discovered. Cincinnatus, now gray with eighty winters, was once more called upon to save his country. He summoned Mælius to appear before him. The traitor refused to obey him, and was killed upon the spot. The tribunes were much enraged at the death of Mælius, and at the next election the senate was obliged to restore the military tribunes.

The inhabitants of Veii had long been the rivals and the enemies of Rome; and this rivalry was the occasion of their downfall. The siege of this powerful city occupied the Romans for ten years. In the summers of this period they were vigorous and constant in their attack; in winter they encamped around it, lying under tents made of the skins of beasts. After having bravely withstood the enemy for the space of ten years, the besieged were forced to surrender by Camillus.

In a war with the Falisci, Camillus routed their



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army, and besieged their capital, Falerii. During this siege a schoolmaster, who had the care of the children of the principal inhabitants, secretly visited the Roman camp, and offered to place these children in the power of Camillus. The consul nobly spurned the offer of this miserable creature, and ordered him to be bound, and flogged into the city by his own scholars. This generous conduct induced the magistrates to make an immediate surrender.

On his return to Rome, Camillus found himself an object of popular suspicion and hatred. He determined to remain no longer in a city where his great services had received so poor a reward. Bidding farewell to his wife and children, he departed into exile; stopping at the gates, and turning a last glance towards the capitol, he entreated the gods to make his country repent the wrongs she had heaped upon him. He sought refuge in the little town of Ardea. Few things are more bitter than ill-requited services.

“ Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember’d not.”

Yet, though Camillus had reason to complain, you will agree with me that, in calling down calamities upon his country, he did not act the part of either a good or a great man.

Soon after, a body of fierce and barbarous Gauls made a descent upon the city. Their leader, Brennus, having gained a splendid victory in a most bloody and destructive battle, marched directly with all his forces to the city. He found the gates open, and no signs of intended defence. Thinking this might be a stratagem to decoy them into a dangerous position, he advanced with great caution.

Marching into the forum, he beheld all the ancient senators sitting in their places, silent, unmoved, and undaunted. The splendid habits and venerable appearance of these old men awed the enemy into reverence, until one of them put forth his hand to stroke the beard of Papirius. The noble Roman could not suffer this insult, and, lifting his ivory sceptre, struck the savage to the ground. This was the signal of a general slaughter. Papirius fell first, and all the rest shared his fate.

The last hope of Rome now depended upon the strength of the capitol. Without the walls of that fortress everything was distress and misery. Brennus first summoned it to surrender, then resolved to besiege it with his army. The Romans repelled his assaults with the activity and courage of despair. Though actually in great want, they threw loaves of bread into the camp of the enemy, to convince them that they were well supplied with food, and that it was impossible to reduce them by famine.

Brennus had begun to despair of this attempt, when one of his soldiers, by accident, discovered

footsteps leading up to the rock. By following these they thought the capitol might be surprised. A chosen body of men was ordered upon this service, and at midnight they endeavoured to accomplish it. They had nearly reached the wall, and the sentinel was asleep on his post. Not a sound was heard. The garrison was saved only by the gabbling of a flock of geese, which were kept for sacred purposes in the temple of Juno. I doubt not you will remember that the capitol of Rome was saved by a flock of geese.

This roused the sleeping soldiers, and Manlius, a brave patrician, rushed forward to the rampart, and threw two of the enemy from its height. Others came to his assistance, and the walls were soon cleared of the enemy.

The hopes of the Gauls now began to decline, and Brennus was desirous of an honourable chance to withdraw from the siege. Proposals of peace were made on both sides, and finally the Gauls agreed to receive a thousand pounds weight of gold, and retire from the city. To this the Romans acceded. In weighing the gold, however, they complained of an attempt to defraud them. On this, Brennus, with an insulting air, threw his belt and sword into the scale, exclaiming that it was the only lot of the conquered to obey and suffer.

Just at this moment, Camillus appeared on the spot, at the head of a large army. He ordered the gold to be carried back to the capitol. "It is our custom", said he, "to ransom, not with gold, but

with iron. I am dictator of Rome, and will purchase peace by my sword." The Romans were animated at once by a new spirit; a battle was fought, and the Gauls were entirely overthrown. So, at least, the Roman writers assert; but other historians tell a very different story.

For his service in saving the capitol, Manlius was loaded with the gratitude of the people; they built him a house near the scene of his valour, and granted him a public fund for his support. He was not contented with the honours thus bestowed upon him, but with the selfishness of a little mind aspired to the sovereign power. Surrounded by a band of profligate followers, he filled the city with clamours and sedition; till at length his conduct assumed a most treasonable aspect, and he was summoned to appear and answer for his life.

The place appointed for his trial was in the neighbourhood of the capitol. When he was accused of treason and sedition, he pointed to the citadel he had preserved, and exclaimed: "Behold the monument of my love of country!" The multitude refused to condemn him, while in sight of the capitol; but when he was removed to the Peteline grove, he was sentenced to be thrown from the Tarpeian rock.

Shortly after this event an occurrence is said to have taken place which shows how superstitious or credulous mankind may sometimes become. A frightful gulf opened in the forum. The augurs were consulted, and declared that it would never

close till Rome had cast into it her most precious possession. On hearing this, Marcus Curtius, a noble youth, declaring that there was nothing more precious than valour and patriotism, armed himself, mounted his horse, and leaped boldly into the midst of the gulf. Historians of Rome say that the gulf immediately closed, and that Curtius was never afterwards seen. If you can believe this strange story, you can do much more than I can.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Samnites—War with the Latins—Execution of Titus Manlius—Self-sacrifice of Decius—Defeat of the Latins—Stratagem of Pontius—Fabius Maximus—King Pyrrhus—Great Battle—Fabricius—Pyrrhus leaves Italy.

It is not often that nations remain stationary for any great length of time; they either advance or decline. Having conquered most of the neighbouring countries, the Romans began to think of extending the power of their arms. In the year 343 B.C. they sent an army against the Samnites, a tribe about a hundred miles distant, descended from the ancient Sabines, and inhabiting that part of Italy which is now comprised in the modern kingdom of Naples.

The Samnites were a very brave people, and they tried the courage even of the war-worn soldiers of Rome. Great resolution and valour

were displayed on both sides; at length the Samnites were obliged to yield. Thirty thousand of them are said to have been slain on the field of battle. These numbers, however, are probably much exaggerated. Tradition mistakes and deceives, and the mists of time, like the mists of nature, seem to magnify the objects which they surround.

A war with the Latins rapidly succeeded; indeed, the whole of Roman history is stained with blood. In their arms, costume, and language, the two contending nations so much resembled each other, that it was necessary to resort to the most exact discipline. Orders were given by the consul, Manlius, that no soldier should on any account leave the ranks, on pain of death. These orders being given, both armies were drawn out in order of battle, when one of the enemy advanced from the ranks, and challenged any Roman to single combat.

For a while all was silent. At length Titus Manlius, son of the consul, and a brave, high-spirited youth, dared to disobey the commands of his father, and stepped forth to accept the challenge. The combat which followed was a severe one; but victory at length declared itself for the Roman. Taking the armour from the dead body of his adversary, the youth returned in triumph to the camp. There he was met with the shouts and cheers of his fellow soldiers. But the father sternly ordered him to be led forth

before the army, and thus addressed him with tears in his eyes:—

“Titus Manlius, you have violated the command of the consul, and have broken the discipline of the camp. I cannot hesitate between love for Rome and affection for my child. And you, my son, will not refuse to die, when your death is to be of service to your country. Lictor, bind him, and let his death be a warning to Romans not to violate the command of their consul.”

The whole army was struck with terror. The old soldiers, who had looked with admiration on the exploit of their champion, shed tears at the harsh and unnatural conduct of the father. Young men, who had seen his valour with delight and emulation, burned with anger at what seemed the cruelty of a fiend rather than the discipline of a soldier. All was confusion, and sorrow, and indignation. And when the axe fell on the head of the devoted boy, an involuntary shudder went through the crowd, and mingled groans and curses bore dark testimony against the consul. The body of the dead was buried with the honours of war.

Meanwhile the battle was begun with great fury, and the forces were so equally matched that it was for a long time doubtful which would win the victory. Superstition this day called for another sacrifice. The augurs declared that the commander of that part of the Roman army which should fall into disorder must devote himself to death for his country.

The left wing of the Roman army faltered and gave way. Its commander, Decius, resolved to offer himself as a sacrifice, in compliance with the answer of the augurs. Clothing himself in a long robe, covering his head, and with his arms stretched forward, standing upon a javelin, he devoted himself to the gods for the safety of Rome.

Then, mounting his horse, he galloped furiously into the very middle of the enemy, scattering death wherever he passed. After performing prodigies of valour, and carrying dismay to the very heart of the foe, he fell gloriously, covered with wounds. A total rout ensued. The Latins were forced to beg peace on very hard conditions, and two years afterwards were brought into complete submission to the Roman power. This was in the year 340 B.C.

Eight years afterwards the Roman arms met with a signal disgrace. The senate had refused to grant peace to the Samnites, and Pontius, the general of this people, had determined to gain it by stratagem. He led his army into a defile called Caudium, and took possession of all the roads which led to it. Then he sent forward ten of his men in the dress of shepherds, with directions to throw themselves in the way of the Romans.

The Roman consul met them, and, supposing them really to be what they appeared, enquired concerning the route of the Samnite army. The shepherds told him, with seeming innocence, that they did not know much about it, but believed

they had gone to besiege Luceria, a town in Apulia. Suspecting no trick, the Roman consul hurried forward with his army to relieve the besieged city, passing by the shortest road, which lay through the mountain defiles.

The first notice of his danger was a shout from the enemy. He then found his army completely surrounded, and in the power of the Samnites. Pontius ordered the prisoners to be stripped of their garments, and made to pass under the yoke. It was then agreed that the Romans should leave the territory of the Samnites altogether, and observe for the future the terms of their ancient confederacy.

The Romans were covered with shame and anguish by this ignominious defeat, and returned home, disarmed, almost naked, and burning with a desire for revenge. The whole city went into mourning, and grief and resentment glowed in every heart.

This defeat, however, was of no permanent importance. The war was carried on as usual for many years, the power of the Romans gathering new increase every day, while that of their enemies declined. They obtained repeated triumphs under Papirius Cursor, and Fabius Maximus reaped glory in conquering the Samnites.

Being at length driven to extremities, the Samnites determined to apply for assistance to Pyrrhus, a successor of Alexander the Great in the kingdom of Epirus. He was a man of great courage, power,

and ambition, and embarked with much zeal in the enterprise. Sending before him an army of about three thousand men, he soon put to sea himself, with three thousand horse, twenty thousand foot, and twenty elephants. But a small part of this force arrived with him in Italy. Many of his ships were dispersed by tempests, and some of them were entirely destroyed.

On reaching Tarentum, he commenced an immediate reform in the manners of the people he had come to succour. He changed the amusements of peace and luxury into stern preparations for war. The Romans sent a powerful force to oppose his progress. Pyrrhus advanced to meet them, and both armies pitched their tents in sight of each other on opposite banks of the river Liris.

Pyrrhus was a good soldier, skilful in selecting the position of his own camp, and in observing that of his enemy. When walking along the banks of the river, he was much struck with the Roman method of encampment, and observed that "these barbarians were by no means barbarous". The consul Lævinus was a man of rash and impetuous disposition, and resolved to give instant battle.

His forces were accordingly marched to a part of the river which could be forded, and commenced its passage. Pyrrhus was soon on the spot, and hoped to cut off their cavalry before they could be reinforced by the foot. The Roman legions, however, having effected their passage with much

difficulty, the engagement became general. Victory was for a long time doubtful.

Pyrrhus turned the fate of the battle by sending forward his elephants. The Romans had never before seen animals of such strength and magnitude. They were struck with dismay at the sight of such immense creatures, raging through their ranks, trampling on their horses and riders, and at the sight of the castles on their backs filled with armed men. This movement decided the fortunes of the day. A dreadful slaughter ensued. Pyrrhus obtained a great victory, but with the loss of an immense number of his own soldiers.

Pyrrhus was not disposed to use harsh measures with the conquered, but desired to treat with them upon honourable terms. He sent his friend Cineas, a celebrated orator, to arrange a peace with them. Cineas was a man of much cunning and persuasion, but he found the Romans were not to be moved either by his artifice or eloquence. To him the senate appeared an assembly of demi-gods, and the city a temple for their residence.

Ambassadors were soon after sent from Rome, to treat concerning the exchange of prisoners. At the head of this embassy was Fabricius, an aged senator, venerable for his contentment in poverty and his unsullied integrity. Pyrrhus received him with great kindness, and, to try how far he was deserving of his fame, tried to corrupt his honesty by presents and promises. All his efforts were vain. The old man was not to be bribed or intimidated, and the

king nobly released all the prisoners, on the word of Fabricius that they should be restored if the senate continued the war.

About the year 280 B.C. the war against Pyrrhus was renewed, in the consulship of Sulpicius and Decius. The terror, which was at first excited by the elephants, had begun to subside, and the two armies met on more equal terms. The Grecians were again the conquerors. Pressed upon all sides, trampled under foot by the elephants, the Roman army gave way, and were entirely routed, with the loss of six thousand men. The enemy lost about four thousand, and Pyrrhus, the conqueror, exclaimed that one more such victory would be his ruin.

This battle closed the campaign, and both armies retired into winter quarters. In the following spring they again took the field. As the two armies approached each other, the physician of the king sent a letter to Fabricius, in which, for a certain reward, he offered to remove his master by poison, and thus put an end to the war. The noble Roman rejected the proposal with disdain, and despatched a messenger to Pyrrhus, to inform him that there was a traitor in his camp, and to lay open the offer that had been made to him. Who is there that can read of these noble actions without wishing to equal them?

Pyrrhus received the message with astonishment and indignation. "Admirable Fabricius," he exclaimed, "it would be as easy to turn the sun from

his path, as to turn thee from thine integrity!" After making enquiry among his servants, he became convinced of his physician's treachery, and ordered him to be executed. To make a return for Roman generosity, he at once released all his prisoners.

Two years afterwards, having increased the number of his soldiers, Pyrrhus separated his force into two divisions, and marched at the head of one of them to attack the enemy. A severe engagement followed. The Romans had learned to turn the elephants to the destruction of their masters. They made large balls, composed of flax and iron, and, setting fire to them, sent them among these animals as they approached their ranks. Made furious by the flames, the elephants turned back, raging through their own army, crushing the soldiers in their path, and spreading terror and destruction on every side.

The loss of the Grecians was immense; and their king resolved to leave a country where he found only faithless friends and desperate enemies. He embarked with the shattered remnants of his army and returned to his native kingdom. A small garrison was left in Tarentum to save the appearance of an entire defeat.

Rome had now become a very large, powerful, and famous city. In her previous history, which comprises the period of her stern and simple virtues, we have seen numerous instances of heroic though savage daring, and of noble though mis-

guided self-sacrifice. We are now coming to an era of great interest in her history: the First Punic War. At the period 264 B.C., when this war commenced, the population of Rome was about two hundred and ninety thousand. In the year 266 B.C. silver money was first coined at Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV

Troubles in Sicily—Carthage—First Punic War—Regulus—Triumph of the Romans—Regulus in Africa—Xantippus—Fate of Regulus—End of the war.

ONCE more the Romans turned their attention to foreign conquest. At that period the Carthaginians were in possession of the greatest part of Sicily, and were waiting for a favourable moment to become masters of the whole island. Hiero, King of Syracuse, one of the unsubdued Sicilian states, called upon the Carthaginians for assistance against the Mamertines. This tribe in turn sought aid from the Romans; and from this incident sprung the first war between Carthage and Rome. This, which is called the First Punic War, commenced in the year 264 B.C.

Carthage was a city on the coast of Africa, founded by a colony of Phœnicians about one hundred and thirty-seven years before the foundation of Rome. It was at this time a city of extensive commerce and great wealth. Her fleet

was large and very powerful. She was mistress of the sea, while Rome had nothing that deserved the name of a naval force.

The Romans resolved to be on equal terms with their enemy, and at once applied themselves to build and fit out a fleet. They found a model for their ships in a Carthaginian vessel that happened to be cast ashore in a tempest. The consul Duilius put to sea with this newly-constructed fleet, and by his skill and valour gained the first naval victory. He destroyed fifty ships of the enemy, and thus deprived them of their before-undisputed sovereignty of the sea.

To conquer Sicily, however, it was necessary to carry the war into Africa, and a fleet of three hundred ships was despatched for that purpose, under the command of Regulus and Manlius. Regulus was of a stern, severe, and frugal disposition, a brave soldier, well skilled and experienced in the arts of war. All his private affections and passions were blended with an inextinguishable love of country.

The combined fleet of the two generals was the largest that had ever sailed from an Italian port. Their forces amounted to one hundred and forty thousand men. The fleet of the enemy was equally large, and was manned by better sailors. While they fought at a distance the Carthaginians seemed successful, but when the ships grappled, and the soldiers met foot to foot and arm to arm, Roman valour and energy triumphed. The victory was complete.

This battle was followed by an immediate descent upon the coast of Africa, when Manlius was recalled, and Regulus was ordered to remain and prosecute the war. Another victory was soon won by the Romans, and eighty of the enemy's towns submitted to their arms. In this extremity the Carthaginians determined to have recourse to foreign assistance. They sent to Lacedæmon, a famous town of Greece, and offered the command of their army to Xantippus, an experienced and veteran general. He accepted the office, requiring ready obedience to his orders, and promising them a speedy victory.

The city soon began to recover its former spirits and confidence. Xantippus took the field with an army secure of victory and eager for revenge. The battle was skilfully planned, and bravely won. A large part of the Roman army was slain, and Regulus himself was taken prisoner. Other misfortunes soon followed. The principal town in Sicily was taken by the Carthaginian general Carthalo. The Roman fleet perished in a storm, and a new one was built, only to share the same fate.

The Carthaginians now entertained the hope of arranging a peace on terms more favourable than those offered by Regulus. They thought that the imprisoned general would himself advise a peace, which was to shorten the term of his captivity. He was accordingly sent with the embassy to Rome, on his promise to return in case of a failure in the object of their mission.

When the ambassadors approached Rome, and it was known that they were attended by their old general, crowds went forth from the city to meet them. Regulus received their shouts of joy and welcome in a stern sadness. He refused to enter the gates, saying that he was now the slave of Carthage, and unfit to tread the soil of freedom, much less to partake of the honours which his countrymen wished to bestow on him.

The senate, as usual, gave audience to the embassy without the walls of the city. They were weary of a war which had already been protracted through eight years, and were willing to accede to any reasonable terms. Regulus laid open the objects of the mission, and the proposals of the Carthaginians. The senate discussed them, and gave their opinions on them. It only remained for Regulus to speak, and he spoke freely and eloquently in favour of continuing the war.

Imprisonment had done nothing to break his heroic character, or to blunt the patriotism of that spirit which would scorn to counsel the dishonour of his country. He felt that his own existence was but as a shadow when compared with the glory of Rome; he spurned the proposal which would sully her dignity, though it was to relieve him from the pains of imprisonment, or the horrors of a violent death. How very few could be found who would act so disinterestedly!

The senate admired the patriotism and self-devotion of their old general, and refused to

consent to a measure which would end in his ruin. It was in vain, however, that they interfered with entreaties and prayers. He determined to return to his bonds, and refused to see his wife and children, lest the natural affection of a husband and a father should turn him from his fixed resolution. Taking leave of the senate and his friends, he departed with the ambassadors for Carthage. We rarely meet with such an instance of heroic virtue and disinterested love of country as this of Regulus, for the circumstances of common life can hardly call it forth. How many who call themselves patriots would shrink back from such a sacrifice as that made by Regulus!

At Carthage a most cruel fate awaited him. The Carthaginians were enraged beyond measure when they heard of the counsel which Regulus had given to his countrymen. He was put to death amid the most severe and lingering agonies; racked with all the instruments of torture which the malice and ingenuity of his enemies could invent.

Arms were again taken up on both sides, with more than former animosity. The obstinate courage of the Romans at length triumphed. They won a series of victories, and after a continued war of four-and-twenty years, reduced Carthage to accept the terms they saw fit to dictate. Thus ended the First Punic War, in the year 240 B.C.

CHAPTER XXV

Peace and its arts—War with Illyria—The Gauls—Second Punic War—Siege of Saguntum—Character of Hannibal—He crosses the Alps—Defeat of Scipio—Battles—Fabius Maximus—His successors—Battle of Cannæ—Capua—Syracuse—Marcellus—Scipio carries the war into Africa—Hannibal is recalled—His defeat—Peace.

THE most warlike nation requires its seasons of repose. A period of profound quiet followed the victories over Carthage, and the Romans turned their attention to the arts of peace. They now began to cultivate a fondness for poetry, which in all nations is the first art that rises, and the first that decays. But they did not neglect preparations for war, improving all intervals of repose only to gather fresh vigour for action.

After a long continuance of peace, they first tried their martial strength on the Illyrians, and afterwards on the Gauls. But they soon found a more formidable enemy in the Carthaginians, who had been again roused to contend with them in arms. The leader of their army was Hannibal, who, when very young, had been brought before the altar by his father, and commanded to swear perpetual enmity to the Romans. How different this from the injunction in holy writ: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you"! The boy laid his hand upon the altar, and, kneeling, took an oath which he never forgot.

It was at the siege of Saguntum that Hannibal first opposed his military skill to the Romans. The valour of both besiegers and besieged partook of that lofty character which might be supposed to exist only in the battles of romance and fable. Hannibal had offered terms to the Saguntines, but these were of such a nature that, rather than comply with them, many of the citizens gathered their goods together, and, having set them on fire, cast themselves into the flames.

At this moment it happened that a tower, which had been much battered and shaken, fell to the ground. A body of Carthaginians entered valiantly at the breach, and Hannibal immediately gave orders for a general assault. The place was taken without difficulty. The Saguntines, however, continued to fight with the courage of despair, and many collected their families, and burnt their houses over their heads. Notwithstanding the great destruction of property, the wealth of the conquered city was sufficient to enrich the victors.

The capture of Saguntum was rather the signal for war between the Romans and Carthaginians than the actual commencement of it. After the sacking of this city, the Romans made vigorous preparations to take the field, and Hannibal began to conduct his army into the heart of the Roman dominions. Having arrived on the banks of the Rhone, he found that the passage of this river would be very bravely disputed by the Gauls on the east side, who assembled in multitudes to

defend their bank. He therefore despatched an officer, with a good part of the army, by night, giving them orders to go to a considerable distance up the river, then to cross it, and endeavour to get behind the enemy.

Hannibal received notice of their motions, and when he perceived that they had accomplished their object, he began to pass the river with the remainder of his army. The Gauls, on perceiving their approach, set up dreadful howlings; but when they heard the shouts of the army behind them, and saw their tents on fire, after a short resistance they fled to their villages.

In his celebrated passage over the Alps, Hannibal met with much resistance from the barbarous mountaineers. He had to pass through confined openings in the mountains, over which were placed troops of barbarians, who showered down upon his army masses of rock, which crushed vast numbers. His road wound also by a fearful precipice, down which the elephants, which had become unruly, fell, carrying with them everything that stood in their way. Can you conceive anything more terrible than the danger and confusion of such a march!

But the resolution of Hannibal overcame all these difficulties, and his vigorous measures, with respect to the barbarians, terrified them into submission. After a defeat of one party of these savage inhabitants, another body of them, having contrived a stratagem to entrap him, came to receive him with olive branches and garlands, the

usual signs of peace. Hannibal suspected the sincerity of their professions, but, fearing, if he rejected their offers, that he should immediately have them for open enemies, he received them kindly. Upon this they brought him hostages and cattle, and appeared to place entire confidence in the Carthaginians.

Hannibal was so far imposed upon by these faithless allies that he made them his guides, and for two days they marched at the head of his army. But when they had got into a hollow way, overlooked by steep and craggy rocks, the traitors gave the signal to their companions in ambush, who fell upon his soldiers in front, flank, and rear. At the same time troops of the mountaineers had possessed themselves, as before, of the crags which overhung the precipices, and showered down from thence huge stones upon the Carthaginians.

After nine days' march Hannibal gained the summit of the Alps. Here he remained awhile, to recruit the strength of his wearied army, and to give time to the sick and wounded to rejoin the main body. Hannibal pointed out to his soldiers the pleasant country lying round the foot of the Alps, and assured them that from this time they might reckon on the capture of the mighty city. The day following he began to descend the mountains; but the difficulties of the descent were found to be more formidable than those of attaining the summit. He was obliged, with incredible labour, to cut a road for his army through the solid rock; yet

with such expedition was this mighty task accomplished that in four days from the commencement of his descent he found himself in the plains of Italy. This is usually considered one of the most arduous and hazardous enterprises ever executed by any general.

The astonishment of the Romans was at its height when they heard that Hannibal had successfully crossed the Alps and arrived in the Roman dominions. Here again he pitched his camp, and stayed to refresh his men; then, marching onwards, he received intelligence that Scipio was on his way to meet him. This general advanced with all his forces to the Ticinus, a small river on the north of the Po. The two armies approached nearer and nearer to each other, till, on the third day, word was brought in to each army by its scouts that the enemy was in view. A battle quickly ensued, in which Scipio was obliged to retreat. Another battle took place at Trebia, with no better success to the Romans; after which Hannibal crossed the Alps into Etruria.

Hannibal was pursuing his march towards Rome, when he was overtaken by the Romans near the lake Thrasymenus. In the battle which followed, fifteen thousand Romans were slain, among whom was the consul Flaminius. Rome was in despair on receiving news of this defeat; and, after many debates in the senate, it was at length agreed to appoint Fabius Maximus prodictator. The caution and prudence of this commander baffled the schemes

of his enemy. He even found means to enclose the Carthaginian within mountains; and it was only by a stratagem that Hannibal was able to save his army. He collected together a great number of oxen, and, having fastened torches to their horns, commanded them to be driven furiously down an eminence in the direction of the camp. The Romans were in consternation at this unusual sight; and, during their confusion, Hannibal found means to march through a mountain pass into the open country.

The next great battle between the two armies was at Cannæ, where the Romans again suffered a sad defeat, and Æmilius, the consul, was slain. The slaughter was terrible on both sides, but that of the Romans was overwhelming. The voice of lamentation and mourning was heard in every part of Rome after the news of the total overthrow of the army; yet the senate refused to redeem the prisoners which Hannibal had taken.

The Carthaginians retired into winter quarters at Capua. Hannibal despatched his brother Mago to Carthage with an account of his success. The senate expressed great approbation of his conduct, and at once granted him the supplies of men, elephants, and money for which he had sent. But Hanno, a senator, who from the beginning had been averse to an open war with the Romans, advised that the present time of victory should be employed in negotiating an honourable peace. His advice, however, was neglected, and the supplies

were sent. It is said that Hannibal on this occasion sent to Carthage three bushels of rings and other ornaments taken from the Roman knights slain in battle. Such a sight as this is not often to be seen.

Victory now began to turn to the side of the Romans. Hanno, a general under Hannibal, was defeated with great loss, and the latter was himself overpowered by Marcellus, and retreated to Tarentum. Sicily having been converted to the Carthaginian interest, Marcellus laid siege to Syracuse with a powerful army; and it was forced to surrender to the Roman arms. This fine city was a seaport of Sicily, and a flourishing republic. It was the most opulent and the most powerful of all the Grecian cities, and by its own strength alone was able, at different times, to contend with all the power of Carthage and Rome.

Syracuse is said to have been often besieged by powerful armaments without success; and to have contained within its walls fleets and armies that were the terror of the world. It was first governed by kings; but for the space of two hundred years considerable obscurity involves its history, till we discover it to have been conquered by the Romans and added to their empire. The city did not, however, long remain under the Roman yoke. It was erected into a republic, with a popular government; after which it was again under the guidance of kings till the time that Marcellus sat down with a Roman army before its walls.

The Romans were for a long time baffled in their attacks upon this place by the wonderful machines and fires of Archimedes. Marcellus obtained possession of it during a public festival, while the soldiers and citizens were indulging in wine. He was admitted through one of the gates by Sosis, a brazier, and deputies were shortly after sent to him, tendering submission and entreating favourable terms. Marcellus granted life and liberty to all of free condition, but gave up the city to be plundered. He commanded the soldiers to spare the citizens; but the ungovernable army committed many cruelties whilst searching for plunder. To the great sorrow of the conqueror, Archimedes himself fell a victim to the anger of a lawless soldier.

The Romans now brought over Syphax, a Numidian king, to aid them against the Carthaginians; but Massinissa, a young warrior in alliance with Hannibal, overthrew him in a great battle, and slew thirty thousand men. By treachery and stratagem, Hannibal made himself master of Tarentum. But when the Capuans implored his assistance against the Romans, who were besieging their city, he hastened thither, and, being unable to induce the enemy to join battle, he left his camp silently, and hastened to the walls of Rome. The Romans were much surprised to behold Hannibal advancing to the capital, but they opposed him with so much valour that he despaired of being able to effect his purpose.

Meanwhile Capua was left without relief, and fell into the hands of the Romans.

Three general battles were fought between Marcellus and Hannibal in the space of three days. In the first engagement victory was doubtful, in the second the Carthaginians had the advantage, and in the third the Romans were conquerors. But the consuls were unable to keep the field; whilst Hannibal ravaged the countries of Italy, and took a considerable body of Romans prisoners. The city of Tarentum, however, in which he had left a garrison, was entered by Fabius, and all the inhabitants were put to the sword. Shortly after this, Marcellus was slain in an ambush by the Numidians, and his colleague was mortally wounded. Asdrubal, the brother of Hannibal, left Spain, crossed the Alps with a powerful army, and descended upon Italy, for the purpose of joining forces with his brother. The idea of this union threw the Romans into the greatest consternation. It did not, however, take place, for Asdrubal was suddenly attacked, near the river Metaurus, by the consuls, and his whole army was destroyed; he himself was killed. This was the most fatal blow that Hannibal had ever received.

Having concluded the war in Spain, Scipio returned to Rome, and was elected consul. Sicily was assigned him for his province, but, being desirous to go with an army into Africa, the senate gave him permission to sail with a body of forces

into that country, if he thought it would be for the interest of the republic. A dreadful plague broke out in the Roman and Carthaginian armies; but the latter had to bear the miseries of famine as well as pestilence. Scipio's generals committed the most cold-blooded cruelties in the cities and countries to which they were sent, and the enormities of these officers were afterwards urged against Scipio himself. The Romans, at this time full of superstitious fears, sent to Phrygia, in obedience to an oracle, to bring the goddess Cybele to Rome. This deity was nothing more than a shapeless stone; when it arrived, it was placed with great ceremony in the temple of Victory.

Hannibal was at length recalled by the Carthaginian senate to Africa. On leaving the scene of his splendid victories, he could not refrain from tears. As he approached the African coast he commanded the man at the mast-head to tell what he saw; who answered: "The ruins of a tomb on an eminence". This omen appeared unfavourable; continuing his voyage, Hannibal at length landed between Susa and Adrumetum.

A conference took place between the Roman and Carthaginian generals near Zama, in which it was in vain attempted to arrange terms of peace. A dreadful engagement ensued, and the Carthaginians were defeated with great slaughter. After this the enemy was obliged to sue for peace on any terms; and, the war being terminated, Scipio returned to Rome in triumph, and was honoured with the sur-

name of Africanus. Thus closed the Second Punic War.

CHAPTER XXVI

War with Macedon—War against Antiochus—Its issue—Death of Hannibal—Third Punic War—Siege of Carthage—Its destruction.

DURING the contest with Carthage, the Romans carried on a vigorous war against Philip, King of Macedon. This monarch was frequently defeated by the consul Galba, and was forced to withdraw from the siege of Athens. He was afterwards driven into Thessaly, and obliged to beg for peace. This was granted to him, on condition of his paying a very large sum of money; and liberty was thus restored to Greece.

The next expedition of the Romans was against Antiochus, the King of Syria. He attempted to obtain peace by an offer to quit all his possessions in Europe, and such in Asia as were in alliance with Rome. But his offer was made at too late a season. Scipio had perceived his own superiority, and was resolved to reap the benefit of it. The Syrian monarch took the field at the head of eighty thousand men; his enemies were much inferior in numbers, but of better discipline and firmer courage.

Antiochus was entirely routed, his own chariots, armed with scythes, being driven back upon his

men, and bearing death in their path. He was compelled to accept peace on such terms as the Romans offered. One of the conditions of this peace was that he should deliver up Hannibal, who in his age and exile had sought refuge at the court of this prince.

Aware that he could no longer expect protection, Hannibal secretly departed, and, after leading awhile the life of a wanderer, he visited the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia. To this, the last place of his refuge, the mean resentment of the Romans pursued him, and the base Prusias promised to deliver his guest into the hands of his enemies.

The old general had been ungratefully driven from his native country, and had found on every side nothing but treachery and baseness. He resolved never to be taken by the Romans, and carried as a show and spectacle to the city at whose gates he had appeared as a conqueror. In a ring on his finger he always concealed a dose of poison. To this he was at last compelled to have recourse to prevent his being taken prisoner. Thus perished the greatest general of his age. He trod the paths of glory, but, alas! "The paths of glory lead but to the grave".

About fifty years after the close of the Second Punic War, the Romans sought a pretence to renew hostilities. During the long interval of peace, Carthage had so increased in wealth and power as both to be an object of alarm to Rome and to

hold out to her avarice a prospect of plunder. The consuls set out with an army to effect the entire destruction of the rival city.

The Carthaginians vainly endeavoured to avert the ruin which was gathering over their heads. They made an absolute surrender of themselves, by their ambassadors, and requested to know what was the will of Rome. They were answered that they must send three hundred of their noblest youth as hostages to the consuls at Lilybæum, and hear their further pleasure when they arrived at Utica. Thither the consuls repaired with a powerful army, and ordered their unfortunate enemies to deliver up all their arms.

This humiliating command was at length complied with, and the consuls informed the deputies that their countrymen must leave the city, as it was the will of Rome to raze it to the ground. It was then that this wretched people gathered courage from despair. The ambassadors returned home; and when they had told the full extent of their misfortunes, the people loudly reproached such of the senate as had consented to the delivery of hostages and the surrender of arms.

The noise of military preparations resounded on all sides. The citizens were engaged day and night in manufacturing weapons, and the women cut off their long hair to make strings for the bows. The Romans, apprehending no resistance from a disarmed people, made no haste towards Carthage; and they at last came before the city, to find a

terrible enemy, completely armed, to oppose them.

Several battles were fought before the walls, in which the Romans were defeated. They at length called in the aid of treachery, and the fate of Carthage was sealed. One by one the fortresses of the city were taken, and the enemy advanced into its very heart. The temple only remained. This was the last refuge of deserters from the Roman camp, and of such Carthaginians as were the foremost to undertake the war. Aware that resistance was vain, and sure that they should receive no mercy, they at length set fire to the building, and perished in the flames. Such was the end of Carthage. It has been usual to talk of Carthaginian perfidy; but you must bear in mind that we have only Roman evidence as to that perfidy; and that the conduct of the Romans in many cases, particularly with respect to the last Punic war, was of a dishonourable kind.

Other states soon met with a similar fate. Corinth, one of the noblest cities of Greece, was levelled to the ground by a Roman army. Numantia, the strongest city in Spain, was besieged by Scipio, and was fired by its desperate inhabitants. Not one of them escaped death. Spain thenceforth became a Roman province. I hope that one effect produced on your minds by hearing of these fearful events will be to deepen your hatred of war, and to heighten your love of peace.

CHAPTER XXVII

Growing extravagance—Tiberius Gracchus—His character and fate—Caius Gracchus—He obtains the tribuneship—Disturbances in the city—A party retire to Mount Aventine—Battle—Death of Gracchus.

AFTER the fall of Carthage, and the destruction of Corinth and Numantia, Rome was left the mistress of the world, and without a rival in wealth or power. The spoils of Asia corrupted the public simplicity, and led to a spirit of idle extravagance and grasping avarice. Among the people were two men who perceived this growing corruption, and resolved, if possible, to repress it. These were Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. If it were not for the virtuous energies of good men, opposing and frustrating the evil acts of the worldly-minded and wicked, this world would be much worse than it is.

As a first step to this, Tiberius Gracchus obtained the renewal of a law, which enacted that no person in the state should possess over five hundred acres of land. This law greatly disgusted the wealthy, and they endeavoured to persuade the people that the only object of its passing was to breed disorder and confusion in the state.

But their efforts were in vain. Tiberius was very eloquent, and possessed great influence. This he employed in advancing the interests of the poor at the expense of the rich; till at length

he fell a victim to his zeal, and was murdered in a tumult of the senators.

Caius Gracchus was but twenty-one years of age at the death of his brother. He lived in solitude, and passed his time in the cultivation of eloquence. His first office was the quæstorship of the army in Sardinia. Here he obtained great respect and favour; and when the King of Numidia sent a present of corn to the Romans, he ordered his ambassadors to say that it was a tribute to the virtues of Caius Gracchus.

This message the senate treated with scorn, and dismissed the ambassadors as ignorant barbarians. The insult so enraged young Gracchus that he left the army at once, and offered himself to the people as a candidate for the tribuneship. He was declared tribune in spite of the warmest opposition from the senate, and soon became very popular and powerful in the state.

Gracchus, however, found the favour of the populace but an unstable support, and when he stood a third time for the tribuneship he failed in obtaining it. This was the signal for his destruction. The consul Opimius, surrounding his own person with a powerful guard, took every occasion to insult Gracchus, that he might kill him in the quarrel which he hoped to provoke.

Gracchus avoided every meeting with the consul, and would not condescend even to wear arms in self-defence. His friend Flaccus, however, a zealous tribune, resolved to oppose party to party. One

morning, when the consul was sacrificing, according to custom, at the capitol, the two parties attended there. At this time one of the lictors cried out insultingly to Flaccus and his party: "Ye factious citizens, make way for honest men".

This insult so provoked the party to whom it was addressed that they instantly fell upon the lictor and killed him. Gracchus and his followers then retired to Mount Aventine. A proclamation was at once issued by the consuls, declaring that whoever should bring them the head of Gracchus, or of Flaccus, should receive its weight in gold. Pardon was also offered to all who would leave him, and return to their homes.

This produced the desired effect. One by one, the mean, the avaricious, the timid, and the fickle deserted, till but a very small number remained with their leaders. The consul Opimius led his soldiers to the mount, and a terrible conflict followed, in which about three thousand citizens were slain. Gracchus retired to the temple of Diana, where he was resolved to put an end to his own life. This was prevented by two of his friends, who had accompanied him, and who persuaded him to save himself by flight. He was closely pursued, and his friends were cut down by his side, as they were fighting bravely in his defence. At length, being surrounded and driven to despair, he prevailed upon his own slave to kill him.

Thus died Caius Gracchus, about ten years after his brother Tiberius, and six years after he first

busied himself in the affairs of the republic. He is blamed by historians as a factious and seditious man, seeking to bring about troubles in the state for his own elevation. If this be true, then he was indeed wicked and abandoned; but if, as appears to be the case, in his contests with the senate, he was moved by no other desire than that of advancing the interests of the people by a just and necessary reform of existing abuses, then he is entitled to be numbered among the patriots who deserve the gratitude of mankind.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Vices of the succeeding period—War with Jugurtha—Fortunes of Caius Marius—Sylla—Conspiracy of Catiline—The first Triumvirate—Conquests and fortunes of Julius Cæsar.

It is but a hateful task to dwell upon the vices of any nation, especially if it have afforded instances of superior virtue; but at the period to which I am now arrived, Rome became very corrupt. The remaining period of Roman history is marked by vices which we have not before been obliged to look upon. Luxury and corruption succeeded to the stern virtue of the earlier periods. The poorer classes were reduced to a slavish submission, and the wealthy ruled them with an absolute dominion. While in this miserable state at home, however, the Romans still pursued their foreign conquests with success.

Jugurtha was an ambitious Numidian, who usurped the throne, after destroying one of the king's sons and banishing another. The surviving brother fled to Rome, and laid his just complaints before the senate. This assembly had reached such a degree of corruption that the gold of Jugurtha was able to bribe most of its members, and the suppliant monarch perished in the snare of his enemy.

A continuance of his cruel and despotic conduct at length brought upon him the vengeance of the Roman people. In the consulship of Marius this monarch was delivered into their hands, and sent to Rome to adorn the triumph of his conqueror. He died in prison, B.C. 104.

The disputes of the rival consuls, Sylla and Caius Marius, now began to create confusion in the republic. Marius, who had been the pride of the republic, was at last driven into banishment, and the distresses of his exile were very severe. After a series of adventures, he arrived in Africa, and went on shore near Carthage. He had scarcely landed when the Roman prætor sent him word that he must leave the coast immediately.

Struck with wonder and indignation, Marius for a while remained in silence, his eyes cast upon the ground. The messenger demanded what answer he should return to the prætor. "Tell him," replied the fallen general, "that you have seen Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage." By this he pointed out, most forcibly, the in-

stability of human power, and the greatness of his own misfortunes. He returned to his ship, and spent the greater part of the winter on the sea.

Marius afterwards returned to Italy, and, joining his forces with those of Cinna, his most zealous partisan, he laid siege to Rome. Having entered the city, he committed the most cruel outrages, and murdered many of the senators and principal men. His cruelties were only terminated by his death a few days afterwards.

After a successful campaign in Asia, Sylla returned to Italy, defeated his enemies, and became master of Rome. No man ever made a more cruel use of victory than Sylla. Having committed enormities of the most gross and bloody character, he caused himself to be elected dictator, and of his own accord resigned his office and went into retirement. Soon after his resignation he died.

On the death of Sylla the city was doomed to be distracted by the dissensions of Pompey and Crassus: one the richest man in Rome, the other the most beloved general. Pompey added very much to his military glory by clearing the Mediterranean of pirates. But while he was thus pursuing his conquests abroad, Rome was nearly ruined by the conspiracy of Catiline.

This was a conspiracy of many of the ambitious and aspiring men of the state to elevate themselves on the ruins of their country. They were led by Sergius Catiline, a man who had wasted his fortune and his character by an ill-spent life, and whose

only hope was in some desperate resource like the present. The conspiracy was discovered in season to be checked. The celebrated orator Cicero, at that time consul, distinguished himself by his energy and activity in quelling it. Many of the traitors were at once executed. Catiline fell in battle, fighting with the courage of despair, and performing prodigies of valour.

At this time Pompey was just returning from the East in triumph, and Julius Cæsar had left his prætorship in Spain, rich and covered with glory. These two generals then formed a connection with Crassus, and it was resolved that nothing for the future should be done in the state without the consent of all of them. The union of these three men was called the First Triumvirate.

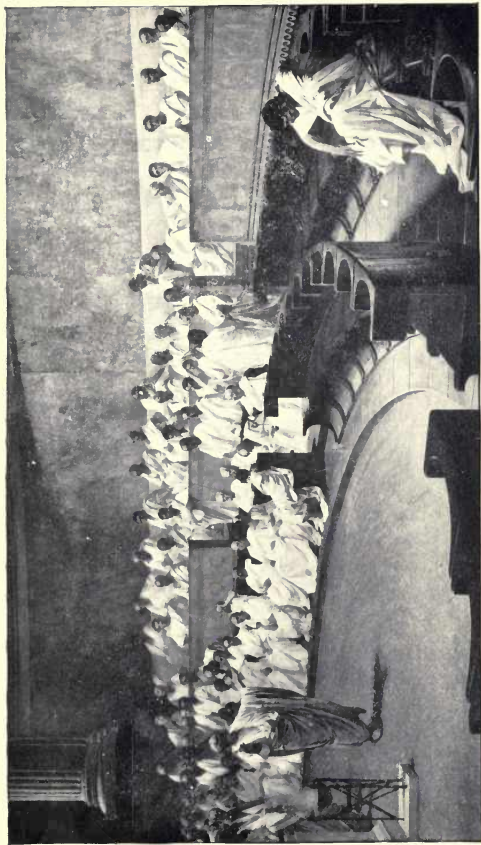
The first step of Cæsar at this time was to obtain the consulship and begin his plans of empire. In order to gain popularity he obtained the passing of a law for dividing certain lands among the poor citizens. He then consulted with his confederates about sharing the foreign provinces between them. The partition was soon made. Syria was assigned to Crassus, Spain to Pompey, and Gaul to Cæsar.

Cæsar now assumes a most important part in the history of the republic. Gaul was composed of many fierce and powerful nations. The expedition of Cæsar into this country and Britain continued eight years. During this period he fought very numerous battles, and subdued many barbarous tribes. But his attention was then withdrawn to

the condition of Rome itself, where a contest was raging which was a matter of personal interest, and which resulted in a war that changed the Roman republic into a despotic monarchy.

Pompey, who remained in Rome during Cæsar's absence, had acquired the good-will of the senate, and was disposed to contend with him for the palm of greatness. The jealousies between these two great men ran so high that at length there remained no mode of ending their disputes but in having recourse to arms. Cæsar, by a decree of the senate, was ordered to disband his forces within a limited time, and unless he complied with this demand he was to be treated as an enemy of the republic. He refused to obey unless Pompey would also disband his forces, and declared that he would march into Italy and avenge the injuries done to himself and the commonwealth.

Rome was now to be involved once more in the horrors of a civil war. Cæsar immediately collected his forces and sent them, under the command of Mark Antony, to seize Aretium, while he himself remained at Ariminum. It is related that when Cæsar received the news which rendered it necessary for him either to act with vigour or to surrender himself to the senate, he sat down to table with his friends as usual, and, after sunset, set out with all possible secrecy and a small retinue. His light going out, he missed his way, and wandered about for some time till he found his guide, who brought him into the road again. At break of day he came



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THE ROMAN SENATE IN SESSION: CICERO DELIVERING HIS ORATION AGAINST
CATILINE

From the fresco by Muccari

up with his troops on the banks of the Rubicon, a little river which formed the boundary of his province, and which is believed to be the same stream that is now called the Pisatello. He hesitated whether or not to cross the limits of his government. At length, spurring his horse into the water, he exclaimed aloud to his soldiers: "Let us go, my friends, where the gods and the injustice of our enemies call us". Then, drawing his sword, he passed over the river, and was followed by his whole army. Since this time it has become a proverb, when anyone has actually commenced a hazardous enterprise from which he cannot draw back, to say: "He has passed the Rubicon". I dare say you will not go through your lives without hearing it quoted.

Cæsar, having passed the Rubicon, and thus invaded the territories of the republic, had no other course left than to prosecute the war which he had begun. His forces were composed of veteran troops, valiant, hardened by the fatigues of war, and strongly attached to their general. In six months after he had crossed the Rubicon, Cæsar had made himself master of all Italy.

Pompey was obliged to leave Italy at the mercy of his rival, and Cæsar went back to Rome to take possession of the public treasures. Having provided for the continuance of the war, he again left the city, to subdue the lieutenants of Pompey, who had long been at the head of a veteran and victorious army in Spain.

While thus employed in the conquest of Spain, his rival was equally active in making preparations to oppose him. All the kings of the East had espoused the cause of Pompey, and sent him very liberal supplies. He attacked the lieutenants of Cæsar in that part of the empire with great success; and crowds of nobles and citizens from Rome thronged daily to join him.

Cæsar's affairs had begun to look dark, when he was at length brought to a general battle at Pharsalia. Pompey had become confident by success, and his camp presented to the victors all the magnificence of an entertainment rather than the necessary and usual accommodations of the field. This battle ended in the total overthrow of Pompey's forces, and he was himself obliged to escape by flight.

He first sailed to Amphipolis and endeavoured to collect fresh forces, but Cæsar's activity obliged him to depart from thence to Mitylene, where he had left his wife, Cornelia. Here he was detained two days by the badness of the weather; and having increased his fleet with a few galleys, he sailed to Cilicia, and thence to Cyprus. He then resolved to go to Egypt and beg the assistance of Ptolemy. From this king he received favourable promises, but was basely murdered by his order.

CHAPTER XXIX

Cæsar sails for Egypt—War between Cleopatra and Ptolemy—
Cæsar's return to Rome—Honour bestowed on him—Conspiracy
—Death—Second Triumvirate—Battle of Philippi—Expedition
to Egypt—Troubles—Death of Antony and Cleopatra.

THERE is that in great riches and power which seldom fails to make a man ambitious to attain yet more than he possesses; he thus excites jealousy and envy, and often brings destruction upon his head. Among the Roman leaders instances of this kind are almost without number. Having now obtained a complete victory, his success only inspired Cæsar to new activity. He set sail for Egypt in pursuit of his fugitive enemy, and arrived at Alexandria. Here he received news of his death, and ordered a magnificent tomb to be erected to his memory.

The government of Egypt was at this time in dispute between Cleopatra and her brother Ptolemy. Cæsar claimed the right of deciding the contest, and gave a decree in favour of the lady, by whose charms he had been captivated. A war was the consequence, in which Ptolemy was killed, and Egypt subdued by the Romans.

It is not necessary to follow Cæsar through his many victorious expeditions. The course that is to be tracked only through blood we can derive little pleasure or profit from pursuing. Cato, who gave many instances of stern and unbending virtue, was the last surviving general of Pompey's army,

and on his death, by suicide, in the city of Utica, Cæsar returned in triumph to Rome.

This triumph was of the most splendid kind. His conduct, too, was highly honourable for his clemency to the partisans of Pompey. The people were blinded by his great success. They heaped every honour on him. He was called the emperor and father of his country, and his person was declared to be sacred.

Having restored prosperity to the city, and framed wise laws for its future good, Cæsar was again obliged to go to Spain. The friends of Pompey had resolved to protract the war in that quarter, and had brought a large army into the field. Cæsar advanced upon them with almost incredible despatch, completely routed them, and by this last victory subdued all his open enemies.

The senate conferred new honours upon Cæsar, and when he had been appointed dictator, it was rumoured that he intended to make himself king. Jealousies sprang up among the people. A conspiracy was formed against him, in which no less than sixty senators were engaged. At the head of it were two formidable leaders: Brutus, whose life Cæsar had spared at Pharsalia, and Cassius, who had been pardoned soon after. They were both prætors at that time. The former prided himself on being descended from the Brutus who first gave Rome freedom. It is to be regretted that the second Brutus could not have done justice to his country without treachery to his friend.

The ides of March¹ had been selected by the conspirators for the execution of their design. Many prodigies are said to have foretold the death of Cæsar, for the Romans were very superstitious. Among these were unnatural appearances in the animals prepared for sacrifice, astonishing omens from the flight of birds, and dreams of alarming import.

All these Cæsar disregarded; and though his wife, Calpurnia, the night before his assassination, dreamed that he was stabbed in her arms, he resolved to go on the following morning to the senate-house. On his way thither he met with Spurina, an augur, who had cautioned him to beware of the ides of March. "Well, Spurina," said he, "the ides of March are come." "Come, Cæsar, but not past," was the reply.

Having arrived at the senate-house the conspirators surrounded the curule chair, and Cimber, one of the party, began to supplicate Cæsar, till in the earnestness of his suit he grasped the extremity of his robe, as if to prevent him rising. This was the appointed signal. Casca, who was behind, now stabbed him slightly in his shoulder. Cæsar instantly turned, and with the steel writing instrument wounded him in the arm.

The other conspirators now rushed forward, but Cæsar continued to defend himself with great

¹ Ides was a denomination given by the Romans to a certain day in each month. In March, May, July, and October, they fell on the fifteenth day, and in the other months on the thirteenth.

intrepidity, till he perceived Brutus among the number of his assassins. From that moment he resigned himself to his fate. "*And thou, too, oh Brutus!*" he exclaimed, as the latter plunged his dagger into his bosom. Then, covering his head with his robe, he sank down at the base of Pompey's statue, after having received three-and-twenty wounds. If Cæsar's glory be enough to excite ambition, surely his death is enough to allay it for ever.

As soon as the conspirators had despatched Cæsar, they retired to the capitol, and guarded the approaches to it by a body of gladiators. The people were struck with horror and astonishment. Mark Antony and Lepidus resolved to make the deed pave the way to their own elevation. They harangued the multitude, and inflamed them with such indignation that they would have killed the murderers on the spot.

At this moment Augustus, the grand-nephew of Cæsar, arrived at Rome and joined his interests with those of Lepidus and Antony. Thus was formed the Second Triumvirate. They divided the provinces among themselves, and each consented to the sacrifice of his best friends to the caprice or vengeance of his colleagues. In this horrible proscription three hundred senators and three thousand knights were slain.

Brutus and Cassius fled to Greece, and persuaded the Roman students at Athens to declare with them in the cause of freedom. In Syria, in Macedonia,

and the neighbouring countries, they soon raised a formidable army, and placed themselves at its head. Their first intention was to march against Cleopatra, who had made great exertions to assist their opponents. From this, however, they were diverted. Their enemy marched into Macedonia to meet them. A battle was fought at Philippi, in which Cassius was entirely defeated, and threw himself upon his sword. In a second battle that followed shortly after, at the same place, the troops of Brutus were also routed.

This unfortunate Roman, with a small number of friends, passed over a rivulet, and, night approaching, sat down under a rock which concealed him from the enemy. Perceiving that all was lost, "Oh, unhappy Virtue," he exclaimed, "I have worshipped thee as a divinity, but thou art only a name!" He also fell on his own sword, and of all the conspirators against Cæsar, not one died a natural death. Had I the time, I could say much about Cato and Brutus; by many their characters are highly esteemed; but we must go on with our history.

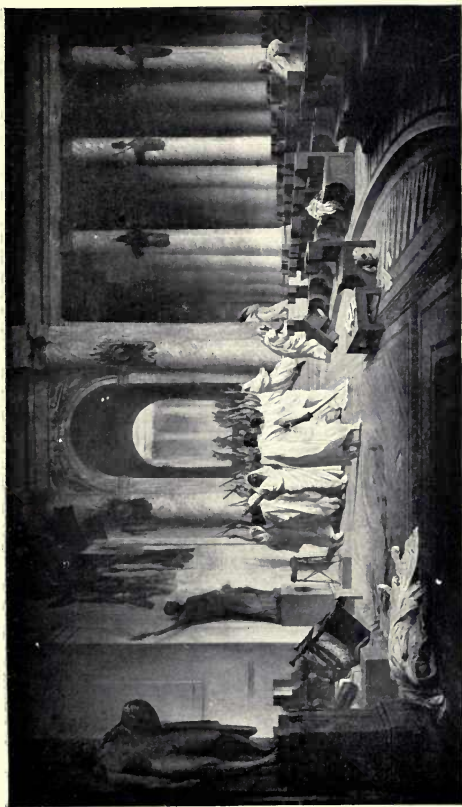
The triumvirs made a new division of the provinces, by which all the power and wealth of the empire were placed in the hands of Antony and Octavius. The former of these visited Greece, and other states under his dominion, to receive their flattery and homage. Cleopatra, the celebrated Queen of Egypt, was summoned to appear before him. Conscious that her beauty would

enable her to deal with the Roman as she pleased, she resolved to visit his court in obedience to his command.

Being arrived at the mouth of the Cydnus, she embarked in a vessel, whose stern was of gold, the sails of purple silk, and whose oars, covered with plates of silver, gently kept time to the sounds of flutes and cymbals. The queen lay under a canopy of rich cloth of gold, adorned like Venus rising out of the sea, surrounded with children, like Cupids, fanning her. Her women, beautifully dressed as Naiads and Graces, were leaning negligently on the sides and shrouds of the vessel. The sweets of the burning perfumes reached the banks of the river, which were thronged by multitudes of people.

Antony was at once captivated by her beauty, and sacrificed everything to its possession. He had summoned her to show that he was her conqueror, but in doing so he became her slave; he fell into a snare of his own contriving. He followed the queen into Egypt, and remained there buried in luxury and dissipation. Meanwhile Augustus led back his veteran army into Italy, and deprived husbandmen and shepherds of their lands, to settle them as bounties on his troops.

This occasioned the most severe distress, and it was soon followed by another civil war, between Augustus and the consul Lucius, brother of Antony. Lucius was entirely overthrown; and the colleagues met at Brundisium, and arranged their differences.



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THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

From the painting by Gérôme

To make their union more binding, a marriage was concluded between Antony and Octavia, the sister of Augustus.

Lepidus having been banished, Augustus now resolved to set aside Antony, and thus be the sole master of Rome. Antony's conduct was such as to give him ample opportunities for the performance of this design. Negligent of all business, he was the servant and slave to the pleasures of Cleopatra, thus giving offence to the Roman people, and heaping the most bitter insults upon his wife Octavia.

Augustus now made open war, and the two armies took the field, one mustering all the forces of the east, the other of the west. A great naval battle was fought near Actium, a promontory in Acarnania. The fortune of the day was decided by the conduct of Cleopatra, who fled from the engagement, attended by sixty sail. Antony was shameless enough to follow her, and abandon his soldiers to their fate.

The victor pursued the unhappy fugitives to Egypt, where they both soon after died. Antony stabbed himself on hearing a report of the queen's death, and Cleopatra perished by the bite of an asp, which was conveyed to her in a basket of figs.

CHAPTER XXX

Augustus sole monarch—His reign—Anecdotes—Appointment of a successor—Auguries—Death of Augustus—Tiberius—His successors—Decline and fall of the empire.

You will almost suppose, from what I have told you, that no one in great power could die a natural death among the Romans; certain it is that most of their great men came to a violent end. Augustus was now left sole master of the Roman empire. He soon returned to Rome in triumph, and began to efface the memory of his former cruelty by magnificent shows and splendid entertainments. Having waded through blood to the throne, he determined to establish it in the affection of the people by clemency and justice.

He did much to improve the laws and manners of the city, and at every step of his progress was loaded with additional honours. A laurel was ordered to be planted at his gate. His house was called the palace. He had the title of the Father of his Country, and indeed he did everything in his power to reform the rough character of the Romans.

Though he could condemn or acquit when he thought proper, he gave the laws their proper course, and would sometimes plead in person for those he desired to protect. An old soldier one day claimed his assistance in a certain cause, but Augustus desired him to apply to an advocate

“Ah!” replied the soldier, “I did not bid you find another soldier to fight for you at the battle of Actium.” The reply so pleased Augustus that he pleaded his cause in person, and won it for him.

Cornelius Cinna, a grandson of Pompey, had entered into a conspiracy against him, but the plot was discovered before its execution. Augustus, resolved to mortify Cinna by the greatness of his generosity, thus addressed him: “I have twice given you your life, first as an open enemy, now as a secret conspirator; I now give the consulship, and let me see if your fidelity will not surpass my confidence”.

In his old age, Augustus appointed his son-in-law, Tiberius, for his successor, and associated him with himself in the government of the empire. About this time he solemnized the census, by which the population of the city was found to be four million one hundred and thirty-seven thousand. It is doubtful if the census be correct. While this was performing, by a mighty assemblage in the Campus Martius, it is said that an eagle flew several times about the head of the emperor, then, directing its flight to a neighbouring temple, perched over the name of Agrippa. This was interpreted by the augurs as an omen of the death of Augustus, and shortly after he died. The flights of eagles, and other birds, partake too much of the marvellous to be believed.

Under Augustus the Roman empire became the fourth great empire of the world. Its dominions,

at the time of his death, extended on the west to the Atlantic Ocean, on the north to the Rhine and the Danube, on the east to the Euphrates, and on the south to the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. Such, indeed, was the glorious state of Rome in the time of Augustus, that, to this day, when speaking of the most flourishing period in the history of any country, we call it the Augustan age. In this reign the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD was born at Bethlehem in Judæa, an event of a thousand times more importance to mankind than all the circumstances of the Roman history put together.

Of the period that followed the death of Augustus we may form some idea from the fact that the seven succeeding emperors perished by a violent death. Their reigns were short, turbulent, and bloody; and they all died by poison or by the sword. Vespasian was the first emperor after Augustus who died in his bed. Is not this fact worthy of being remembered?—seven emperors in succession died a violent death! One would have almost thought that no man in his right senses would have worn the diadem.

Titus, the son of Vespasian, first became known by his valour at the siege of Jerusalem. He was made emperor A.D. 79, and died two years afterwards deeply lamented. His successor, Domitian, was the last of the twelve Cæsars. The early part of his reign was tranquil, but he afterwards degraded himself by his vices, and perished by the dagger of an assassin.

From the death of Domitian, A.D. 96, to the reign of Constantine, Roman history possesses very little interest. It is a tissue of luxury and crime. The soldiers elevated their favourite to the throne, as often as it was made vacant by the dagger of the assassin, or the self-destroying profligacy of its occupant.

Constantine the Great removed the seat of the court from Rome to the place where old Byzantium formerly stood, and called it from his own name Constantinopolis. From that time the two cities looked on each other with jealousy, and soon after the age of Constantine a separation was made of the empire. Rome was called the capital of the western, and Constantinople the capital of the eastern dominions of Rome. Constantine died A.D. 337, after a reign of thirty-one years of great glory and prosperity. His empire was divided among his three sons.

From the death of this great emperor the condition of the Roman dominions became very desperate. The people were luxurious, corrupt, and factious. In this situation they presented an easy spoil to the hardy and ferocious nations of the north, who poured down upon the sunny plains of Italy with a force as terrific and as inevitable as that of the avalanche which tumbles from the cloud-hidden summits of the Alps, and sweeps away whole villages in its frightful descent.

The great city, that had so long been the terror of the world, was compelled to send ambassadors

to its besiegers to beg for terms of peace, or to request to fight with them in the open field. To this message the Gothic monarch replied with laughter, that "thick grass was more easily cut than thin"; implying that their troops, when cooped up in a city, would offer a more easy and speedy conquest than when drawn out in order of battle.

The fate of Rome was fixed. The barbarians were this time prevailed on to depart by an immense tribute, but they soon returned. Conscious of their own strength, they ravaged the city, destroying its monuments, sparing neither private dwellings nor public edifices, neither sex, nor age, nor religion.

Such was the end of the western empire of Rome. Its final dissolution was occasioned by an irruption of the northern tribes under Odoacer, A.D. 476. The eastern empire continued an independent sovereignty from A.D. 395 till the time of Constantine Dracoses, A.D. 1453.

Of the emperors of the eastern empire, Justinian was among the most celebrated. His reign chiefly owed its splendour to Belisarius, one of the greatest generals of his age, who gained many victories over the Goths, and led their king in triumph through the streets of Constantinople. He conquered Italy, and refused the crown that was offered him. He died in the year 565. His history has been much coloured by the poets, and among other fictions it has been stated that in his old age his eyes were

put out, and he was compelled to beg his bread in the streets of Constantinople.

In the year 1453, Mahomet II, emperor of the Turks, besieged and took Constantinople, and thus put a final period to the Roman name. When Mahomet was surveying the splendid and desolate palaces of Constantine, "a melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself upon his mind, and he repeated this distich of Arabian poetry: 'The spider hath wove his web in the imperial palace, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab'".

CHAPTER XXXI

Manners and customs—Ranks—Religion—Augurs—Many deities—Christianity—Temples—Funeral rites—Marriage ceremonies.

I AM now going to give you an account of the manners and customs of the great people whose history you have just read. I shall tell you about their domestic habits, and about their public observances; about their state of society, agriculture, shows, dresses, religion, marriage ceremonies, funeral rites, military institutions, and public edifices.

The people of Rome, as you have been already told, were at first divided into two classes, the patricians and plebeians. It was to the struggles for power between these ranks that most of the difficulties in the state were owing. To these ranks

a third was afterwards added, called equites, or knights; and the custom of making slaves of the subjects of conquered nations introduced a fourth division.

You have seen that the government of Rome was subject to very numerous changes. At one time it was under a king, at another under consuls, decemviri, dictators, or emperors. The other officers of the state were numerous, and invested with very different degrees of power.

The ministers of religion among the Romans did not form a distinct order of citizens, but were chosen from the most virtuous and honourable men of the state. The superstitions of the time gave rise to the establishment of a college of augurs, whose business it was to explain dreams, oracles, and prodigies, and to foretell future events. They drew their auguries or presages concerning futurity from the appearance of the heavens, and inspection of the entrails of birds and beasts.

Of course they could no more divine the future than the old women whom you may sometimes meet with in our villages, who pretend to "tell your fortune" by examining the grounds of coffee-cups. The weakest and most ignorant are now too well informed to give credit to these pretences. From this fact you can form some opinion as to the general intelligence of the Romans compared with that of our own countrymen.

The augurs at Rome interpreted the will of the gods in the affairs of making war and peace, and

none dared to dispute their authority. No business of importance could be proceeded in without first consulting them; and their advice, whatever it might be, was, by a decree of the senate, to be religiously observed.

The office of an augur was important and honourable, and was sought after by many of the principal persons in the Roman senate. Cato, the censor, was a member of their college, and also Cicero, though they both appear to have been fully sensible of the extravagance and folly of the art they practised. A remark is attributed to Cato, that he wondered how one augur could look in the face of another without laughing.

The religion of the Romans was a belief in many deities. Every virtue and vice of the human heart, every faculty of the mind and body, every property of the real and imaginary world, was presided over by its peculiar god. Every grove, and mountain, and stream had its nymph or naiad, and every hero and sage of the country was elevated to the rank of a divinity.

Every religious sect was tolerated at Rome except the Jews and the Christians. They were persecuted with unrelenting cruelty, until the mild precepts of the true religion triumphed over superstition and ignorance. Christianity at length prevailed over conflicting religious opinions, and was adopted as the religion of the state A.D. 311.

The number of deities whom the Romans worshipped occasioned the erection of a great number

of temples. Many of these were very splendid edifices, adorned with all the arts of sculpture, and filled with offerings and sacrifices. Those built to the inferior deities were of less magnificence and grandeur, and were merely styled sacred houses. In the dwelling of every wealthy family there was a private chapel, in which they worshipped their household gods. Ancient Rome is said to have contained four hundred and twenty temples.

Marriage was very much favoured by the laws of Rome, and severe penalties were inflicted on those who remained single. At one period the censors obliged all the young bachelors to make oath that they would marry within a certain time. Augustus increased the penalties on bachelors, and bestowed rewards on those who were parents of a numerous offspring.

The parties were betrothed some time before the actual celebration of the marriage. This was attended with many ceremonies, at which the priests and augurs assisted. The contract of marriage was drawn up in the presence of witnesses, and confirmed by the breaking of a straw between the engaged pair. The bridegroom then presented his bride with the wedding ring, and the father of the bride gave a great entertainment.

The wedding ring was worn on the third finger of the left hand, from a notion that a nerve of that finger communicated directly with the heart. In dressing the bride they never failed to divide her locks with the point of a spear, to signify that she

was about to become the wife of a warrior. They then crowned her with a chaplet of flowers, and put on her a veil proper for the occasion.

Her toilet being completed, she was led in the evening towards the bridegroom's house by three boys, whose parents were still alive. Five torches were carried before her, and also a distaff and spindle. Being come to the door, she herself bound the posts with wreaths of wool washed over with melted tallow, to keep out witchcraft. In going into the house she was by no means to touch the threshold, but was to be lifted over by main force. When she had entered, the bridegroom presented her with the keys, and with two vessels containing fire and water.

The bridegroom then gave a grand supper to all the company. The festival was accompanied with music and dancing, and the guests sang verses in praise of the new-married couple.

The funeral rites of the Romans present a very interesting subject. Burning the dead, though practised by the Greeks from very early times, was not adopted in Rome till the later ages of the republic. It afterwards became universal, and was continued without interruption till the introduction of Christianity, when it gradually fell into disuse.

Among the Romans the bed of the sick was never abandoned to hired nurses and servants. It was attended by the relatives and intimates, who waited till the last hour, and bade a last farewell to their dying friend. The body of the dead was

bathed in perfumes, dressed in rich garments, and laid out on a couch strewn with flowers. The outer door of the house was shaded with branches of cypress. According to the heathen mythology, Charon would not convey the departed spirit across the river Styx without payment of a fixed toll. A small coin was therefore placed in the mouth of the deceased to meet this demand. You smile at this piece of superstition, and well you may.

The funeral took place by torch-light. The body was borne by near friends and relatives on an open bier covered with the richest cloth. Lictors dressed in black regulated the procession. If the deceased had been a soldier, the badges of his rank were displayed, and the corps to which he belonged marched with their arms reversed.

Before the corpse were carried images of the deceased and his ancestors. Then followed musicians and mourning women, who were hired to sing his praises, and dancers and buffoons, one of whom attempted to represent the character of the dead man, and imitate his manner when alive. The family of the deceased followed the bier in deep mourning, the sons with their heads covered, the daughters unveiled and with their hair dishevelled. Magistrates and patricians attended without their badges or ornaments; and the procession was closed by his freed men with the cap of liberty on their heads.

The funeral ceremonies of a man of rank were distinguished by an oration in his honour pro-

nounced over the body by a friend. The scene of this display was the forum, and in the later ages of the republic it became very common. While the practice of burial prevailed, the body was either interred without a coffin, or placed in a kind of deep chest called a sarcophagus. On the termination of the rites, the sepulchre was strewed with flowers, and the mourners took a farewell of the remains of their friend. The attendants were then sprinkled with water by the priests, and all were dismissed.

When the custom of burning the body was introduced, a funeral pile was raised in the form of an altar, and the bier was placed upon it. The procession then moved slowly about to the sound of solemn music, when the nearest relative advanced from the train with a lighted torch and set fire to the pile. Perfumes and spices were then thrown into the blaze, and the embers were quenched with wine. The ashes were collected and placed in a costly urn, which was deposited in the family sepulchre. In the funeral solemnities of a soldier, his arms, and the spoils he had won from the enemy, were sometimes added to the funeral pile.

It was the custom of the heathen nations to sacrifice on the tomb of the deceased those animals to which he was most attached during his life. In the more remote and barbarous ages men were often the victims, domestic slaves and captives taken in war; and sometimes friends have thus devoted themselves from feelings of affection.

No burial was allowed within the walls of the city, except to the vestal virgins, and some families of high distinction. The tombs of military men were usually raised in the Field of Mars, and those of private citizens in the gardens of their villas, or by the side of the public roads. Many of these monuments are still standing. The sepulchres of the great and wealthy are engraven with long and pompous lists of their titles, honours, and achievements. The tombs of the humble bear but a simple lesson to the reader, and some beautiful and touching expressions of sorrow or hope for the departed.

How much more affecting and impressive are the simple rites of Christian burial than the pomp and splendour of the Roman! Everything is so still, and simple, and unaffected that the mind rests only on the solemnity of death, without being distracted by display and splendour.

Prayers are offered up in the church, the friends and relatives follow the body in silent procession, and enter with it into the graveyard, where the generations of the family are sleeping. The body is consigned to the earth whence it came, ashes to ashes and dust to dust. Prayers are again said, and the mourners are dismissed to their sad homes, cheered, however, with the blessed consolations which their religion bestows.

CHAPTER XXXII

Roman farms—Mode of ploughing—Farmhouses—Grain—Cattle—Superstitions of the farmers—Gardens—Vines—Country houses—Description of Pliny's villa—Aqueducts.

THE farms and gardens of the Romans must now be described to you. In the early and more virtuous ages of the state the cultivation of the fields, and a few rude trades connected with it, were the only occupations. The man most valued and honoured was the best husbandman, and many of the most ancient families received their names from their success in the cultivation of plants, or the rearing of cattle.

It is probable that at this period the ground was broken up only by the spade. Afterwards, when the farms were enlarged, more expeditious means were discovered. Some of the Roman modes of ploughing are still in use. They always ploughed with oxen, a single pair, or sometimes three abreast, yoked by the neck and horns.

The farmhouses were at first little huts, but they were soon enlarged to suit the increasing possessions of the owners. We read at a later period of large storehouses and granaries, cellars for wine and oil, and barns, together with separate buildings for the care and rearing of every species of domestic animal.

The kinds of grain in common cultivation were the same as those now known in Europe, with the

exception of maize or Indian corn. The ancient mode of converting grain into meal was by pounding it with an instrument something like the pestle and mortar. Mills moved by cattle, and by water, are later inventions.

Much care was paid by the Romans to the rearing of cattle. Sheep were secured under cover during the winter, notwithstanding the mildness of the Italian climate. Shearing-time was a season of general festivity. Goats were made as profitable to the farmer as sheep. Their hair was clipped every year, and woven into a kind of coarse stuff, and their milk was the chief supply of the dairy.

The Roman farmers were very superstitious. They refrained from all labour on the fifth day of the new moon; on the seventh and tenth they planted vines and harnessed young oxen to the yoke; on the ninth they commenced a journey. The skeleton of an ass's head was hung up at the boundary of the farm, to enrich the soil and drive away the effects of blight. The same figure, carved in brass and crowned with vines, was affixed as an ornament to their couches.

In the remote ages, the gardens of the Romans contained only a few of the most common pot-herbs, and orchard trees. The more delicious fruits, and more beautiful flowers, were introduced at a much later period from the eastern countries. The style of ornamental gardening was heavy and formal, producing a gloomy shade rather than displaying beautiful scenery. It was the fashion to fill the

gardens with dark walks, shaded with evergreens, loaded with statues, and bounded by high clipped hedges.

It is supposed that the Romans obtained a knowledge of the cultivation of the grape, and of the art of making wine, from Greece. They took great care of their vineyards, and laboured in cultivating the plants with much art and industry. The mode of gathering and pressing the grape was the same that is now practised. The vintage was a time of festival, and the rustics made merry with the performance of a rude kind of comedy, and pouring out libations of new wine to Jupiter and Venus.

The wine was kept in jars shaped like urns, some of which are said to have been so large as to form, when filled, a load for a yoke of oxen. They were commonly ranged in cellars, but were sometimes buried in the earth, or even bedded in solid masonry. The wine was usually kept to a great age. It was held in much less favour than the wine of Greece, and was much cheaper.

I am now going to describe the Roman villas. Originally they were nothing more than very humble farmhouses; but with the progress of wealth and luxury, they were made by degrees more extensive and costly. Some of them were surrounded with large parks, in which deer and various foreign wild animals were kept. Large fish-ponds were also not unfrequently attached to them, and were stocked at great expense. Generally, however, the villas were merely surrounded

by gardens, and in size and appearance resembled those of modern Italy.

The philosopher Pliny the younger was a nobleman and man of fortune, and the owner of four magnificent villas. Of two of these he has left minute descriptions; you may now read about one of them. It was seated on a rising ground, facing the south, with the Apennine mountains raising their tall cliffs in the distant background. A porch fronted the house, with a terrace before it, adorned with various figures, and bounded by a hedge of box. Hence you passed by an easy descent into a lawn, surrounded by walks, and adorned with box cut into the shapes of various animals.

Beyond this lawn you entered a ground for exercise, laid out in the form of a circus, ornamented with well-trimmed box and other shrubs, and fenced with a wall covered by box. On the outside of the wall was a meadow, and beyond were other meadows, fields, and thickets.

Opposite the portico stood a square edifice, which encompassed a small area shaded by four plane-trees, with a fountain in the midst refreshing the surrounding verdure. This apartment consisted of a bedchamber and a dining-room. A second portico looked out upon this little area. Another room, situated by the nearest plane-tree, enjoyed constant greenness and shade. In the same building were dressing-rooms, porticoes, baths, and rooms for playing different games. The sides of

one room were encrusted half-way with carved marble, thence, to the ceiling, branches of trees were painted, with birds intermixed with the foliage.

In front of these buildings and porticoes was a spacious circus, surrounded by plane-trees, covered with ivy. Between these were planted box- and bay-trees, mingling their shade. The inward circular walks were perfumed with roses. A thousand different and fantastic shapes were given to the box, which bordered the straight and winding alleys that intersected the grounds. At the end of one of these walks was an alcove of white marble, shaded with vines, and supported by four pillars.

A fountain here emptied itself into a marble basin, contrived with so much art as to be always full without overflowing. Sometimes Pliny supped here with his friends, and then the basin served for a table, the larger vessels being placed about the margin, and the smaller ones swimming about in the form of little boats and water-fowl.

In front of the alcove stood a summer-house of exquisite marble, with projecting doors which opened into a green enclosure. Next to this was a private recess, furnished with a couch, and overshadowed by a spreading vine which reached to the top. Here, also, a fountain rose and instantly disappeared. In different parts of the walks were several marble seats, and throughout the whole circus were small rills refreshing the verdure of

the scene. There is some difference between the mansion I have described, and Peter Parley's little brown house; but then there is safety in the one, and there was insecurity in the other.

It was not till the year 441 after its foundation that Rome obtained its supplies of water by means of aqueducts. They afterwards became so numerous, that it has been calculated they furnished the city about five hundred thousand hogsheads every day. They were built of brick, and were sometimes thirty, forty, or even sixty miles in length. The water was conveyed to reservoirs, and thence distributed through metal pipes over the town in great abundance. Only four aqueducts now remain for modern Rome; yet so pure are the sources from which they draw their supplies that no city can boast of such clear and healthful water.

Great attention was paid to ornament in the erection of the aqueducts. One built by Agrippa, when ædile under Augustus, contained one hundred and thirty reservoirs, and five hundred fountains, adorned with statues and columns. Remains of many others at this day bear witness to their beauty and convenience.

It is not often that we reflect upon the great value of our commonest blessings. How little do we think of the value of water, yet what should we do without it? These Roman reservoirs may be the means of exciting a few reflections on this subject in our minds.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Military affairs of the Romans—Division of the army—The imperial eagle—Music—Arms—Dress—Military rewards—Crowns—The triumph—Naval affairs—The war galley—Commerce.

YOU have already heard that the Romans were continually engaged in wars. Their military affairs, therefore, occupied most of the attention of the most distinguished citizens. According to the Roman laws every free-born citizen was a soldier, and bound to serve in the army at any period from the age of seventeen to that of forty-six.

The Roman forces were divided into legions, each of which consisted of three thousand foot-soldiers and three hundred horsemen. The standard of the legion was the imperial eagle. It was made of gilt metal, and was borne on a spear by an officer of rank. The soldiers regarded it with a reverence which approached to devotion. The cavalry carried pennons on which the initials of the emperor or of the legion were embroidered in letters of gold.

The only instrument of martial music, among the Romans, was the brazen trumpet. Some of the soldiers were armed with light javelins, and others with a heavier weapon of a similar description. All, however, carried shields and short swords, which they wore on the right side. They were dressed in a metal cuirass, with an under

covering of cloth, which was generally red, and hung loose to the knee. On the head they wore brazen helmets, ornamented with flowing tufts of horse hair. The Roman soldier bore loads which were almost incredible. He carried fifteen days' victuals, utensils, a saw, a basket, a mattock, an axe, a hook and leathern thong, a chain, a pot, and from three to twelve stakes—the whole weighing at least sixty pounds. The uniform of the generals was an open scarlet mantle.

The cavalry wore a coat of mail, of brazen or steel scales, or of chain-work, sometimes plated with gold. Under this they wore a close garment which reached to their buskins. They rode without stirrups, and their saddles were merely cloth folded to suit the convenience of the rider. The discipline of the army was maintained with great strictness and severity.

Rewards of various kinds were held out to those who distinguished themselves by an extraordinary exploit. The mural crown was presented to him who, in the assault, first scaled the ramparts of a town. A soldier who saved his comrade's life in battle was entitled to the civic crown, which was thought a distinction of the highest honour. The general who conquered in a battle was decorated with the triumphal laurel leaf.

But the highest ambition of every Roman commander was to obtain a triumph. This was the gift of the senate, and was only granted on occasions of splendid victory. When decreed, the general

returned to Rome, and was appointed to the supreme command of the city on the day of his entry. A sculptured arch was erected, under which the procession was to pass, and scaffoldings were raised for spectators in all the public squares and streets.

The procession moved at daylight from beyond the walls of the city. A band of cavalry, with military music, took the lead. They were followed by a train of priests in their sacred robes, with attendants leading to sacrifice a hecatomb of the whitest oxen. Next came chariots laden with spoils, the arms and standard of the conquered, followed by long trains of the captives, conducted by lictors.

Loud notes on the trumpet then announced the approach of the victor, dressed in a robe of purple, crowned with laurels, and bearing a sceptre of ivory. He rode in a splendid car, drawn by four horses, preceded by the Roman eagle, guarded by a troop of cavalry. The most distinguished officers of the army, in their richest dress and trappings, surrounded him; a band of children clothed in white followed, flinging clouds of perfumes and flowers on the air, and singing hymns of praise to the conqueror.

Last of all came the victorious army, their weapons wreathed with laurel, and their burnished armour gleaming in the sunshine. Countless multitudes of the citizens lined the streets, and every window and every scaffolding shone with beauty.

The procession was greeted on all sides by loud acclamations, joy and revelry reigned in the city, and a scene was displayed of a magnificence and gorgeousness not to be paralleled in modern history.

The first vessel of the Roman navy is said to have been built on the model of a captured Carthaginian galley. Their ships were roughly and slightly constructed, and, though very large, unfit to contend with boisterous and tempestuous weather. They were clumsy and ill-fashioned, with a high stern and sides, and rowed with two or three tiers of oars on different decks. The prows of the ships were armed with iron, usually carved into the shape of some animal's head; the upper deck was surmounted with a movable turret, from which the soldiers could throw their weapons with advantage.

The merchant ships of the Romans were of a size corresponding with the purposes for which they were intended. Before the discovery of the magnet, by which the mariner can now direct his course in safety over the pathless waves, navigation was necessarily confined to the coast. These coasting vessels were considered large if they reached the burden of fifty tons. Though the Carthaginian and Roman ships were numerous, one single man-of-war of the present day, carrying eighty or a hundred guns, would have scattered them all on the waves. The invention of gunpowder gave a fearful addition of power to ships of war.

Rome was long supplied with the products of the east by the merchants of the maritime states of the Mediterranean. It was not till the conquest of Egypt by Augustus that the trade became exclusively her own. Of this commerce Alexandria was the centre.

The principal imports into Italy from India consisted of drugs and spices; cotton cloths and muslins from the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar; of silk from China; and of large quantities of diamonds and pearls from Bengal and the pearl-fisheries near Cape Comorin. From Persia and Arabia they procured the richest carpets, silks, and embroidered stuffs, together with rice and sugar.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Shows of wild beasts—Gladiatorial exhibitions—Other sports—Chariot racing—The circus—Carriages—Private entertainments—Supper rooms—Convivial parties—Luxuries—Theatrical entertainments—Clocks and watches—The fine arts—Books and manner of writing—Costume—Conclusion.

THE contention of wild beasts and gladiators was a favourite amusement among the Romans. The first amphitheatre erected in Rome for the shows of wild beasts and gladiators was a mere temporary building of wood, probably erected by Julius Cæsar. The Flavian amphitheatre, better known by the name of Colosseum, was commenced in the

reign of Vespasian, and is supposed to have contained upwards of eighty thousand persons.

The wild beasts were secured in dens round the arena in the centre, which was strongly fenced, and surrounded by a canal, to guard the spectators against their attacks. A vast number of wild beasts were made to destroy each other in these very cruel exhibitions. Eleven thousand are said to have been killed during four months of triumph in honour of a conquest over the Dacians; and five hundred lions were killed in a few days on a similar occasion.

The first public combats of gladiators took place at Rome in the close of the fifth century from the foundation of the city. They were exhibited at a funeral. From that period they became frequent on such occasions, and afterwards, on days of public festival, were considered a material part of the ceremonies. Many times, five hundred pairs of these wretched beings have been led to the public games to sacrifice each other for the amusement of barbarous spectators. They were at first taken from captives in war, or malefactors, afterwards from slaves trained to the profession.

They fought with various weapons, some in complete armour, others with only a trident and a net, in which they endeavoured to entangle their adversary, and thus slay him. It is needless to give a minute account of these inhuman butcheries. They were conducted with the most bloody and savage spirit, and are sufficient proofs of the

degraded and brutalized condition of the period in which they were tolerated.

I will now change the picture, and give you an account of some of the less barbarous amusements of the Romans. Among these were several games of ball, played, as among us, both with the hand and foot. The young men chiefly engaged in sports in the open air, to make them more active and vigorous. Boxing, wrestling, and throwing the discus, or quoit, formed a prominent part of these amusements, but chariot driving took the lead of all others.

For the better enjoyment of horse and chariot races there was an enclosed course, immediately adjoining the city, called the circus. It was rather more than a mile in circumference, and was surrounded with seats and three tiers of galleries. In the centre was a barrier of twelve feet in breadth and four feet high, around which the race was performed; and at one end was a triumphal arch, through which the successful charioteer drove, followed by the shouts and applause of the assembly.

Four chariots usually started together, the drivers of which were distinguished by dresses of different colours. Each colour had its particular partisans, who betted largely on the success of their favourite. These sports were exceedingly popular, and repeated in endless succession.

Of the form of carriages in use among the Romans we have no precise description. They

were of various kinds, open and covered, chairs and couches, borne on poles by slaves in livery. The couch was furnished with pillows and a mattrass, and with feet of silver or gold to support it when set down. There was also a kind of close litters, drawn by mules, and of carriages on two and four wheels, painted of various colours, and highly ornamented.

The horses were yoked to the carriage by means of a straight or curved crossbar passing over their necks, and were directed by bridles and reins, which were sometimes of embroidered silk, with gold bits. Besides mules and horses, many other animals were occasionally used in carriages, such as dogs, goats, and deer, and even bears, leopards, lions, and tigers. But this, of course, was merely for a whimsical amusement, and not for real service.

When the Romans were poor and simple they lived chiefly on milk and vegetables, with a coarse kind of pudding made of flour and water. But as they began to grow powerful, and to conquer the neighbouring nations, they became acquainted with the luxuries of the people they subdued, and introduced them into their own state. As they found in Greece models of the fine arts, so Asia furnished them with new and numerous sources of pleasure in the gratification of their senses.

In the later days of the republic great attention was paid to cookery, and various apartments were constructed in the houses of the rich for the enter-

tainment of company. The supper-rooms of some of the emperors were hung with cloths of gold and silver, enriched with jewels. Tables were made for them of fine gold, and couches with frames of massive silver. The Romans always reclined on these couches to take their meals.

At great entertainments the supper-room was hung with flowers, and the guests were crowned with garlands. The floor was generally bare, though richly ornamented, and the ceiling was inlaid with a fret-work of gold and ivory. Scented oil was used for lighting the apartments, and massive carved lamps of figured bronze reflected their brilliancy on the gay and beautiful scene.

Some of the more voluptuous and degraded of the Roman emperors, in the decay of the republic, were most extravagant and ridiculous in providing rare dishes for their table. The livers and brains of small birds, the heads of parrots and pheasants, and the tongues of peacocks and nightingales, formed a part of their daily food. They never deserved to gaze on a peacock's beauty, or to hear a nightingale's song. But the most luxurious dish that graced the table of the Romans was an entire boar, roasted and stuffed with game and poultry.

How miserable must have been the condition of the people, whose masters could lavish their wealth in such wanton and disgraceful indulgence of their meanest appetites! On one occasion the senate was assembled to consult on the best mode of dressing an immense turbot, which had been

presented to the emperor. In our time a council of cooks might have been called on an affair of so much importance, but it would hardly have been a subject to bring before the rulers of the people. The Romans, however, would have been less rapidly enslaved and degraded if their emperor and senate had always been employed as innocently as in discussing the most desirable manner of dressing a fish.

Theatrical entertainments were first introduced into Rome in the year of the city 391. They were originally little more than dances to the sound of the flute. It was more than a hundred years before the drama attained to much dignity or excellence. Actors were always held in contempt, but were enabled, from the patronage they received, to accumulate large fortunes. Theatres were at first built in the villages in the vicinity, and the first permanent edifice of this kind in the city was built of stone, and calculated to contain forty thousand spectators.

The use of such clocks and watches as we have at present was unknown to the Romans. The sun-dial was introduced four hundred and forty years after the building of the city. About a century afterwards a kind of water-clock was invented; this was contrived with much ingenuity, and answered all purposes for the measurement of time.

The fine arts were unknown in Rome till after the sixth century of her existence, when they were

introduced by the successful captains of her armies from the nations they had conquered. After a taste for the arts had been thus formed, large enclosed galleries were built around the mansions of the rich, and were adorned with the finest specimens of painting and sculpture.

In the dwellings of the most affluent patricians these galleries also contained splendid libraries, which were open to the inspection of the learned and the curious. Collections of books were then, of course, very rare on account of the great expense and difficulty of transcribing them. They were sometimes written on parchment, but more frequently on a paper made from the leaves of a plant called papyrus. The leaves were pasted together at the ends, and then made up into a roll, which was enclosed in a covering of skin or silk, fastened with strings or clasps.

Writing was performed with a reed split and pointed like our pen, and dipped in ink. Matters not intended for preservation were usually written with a pointed instrument on tables spread with wax. When letters were sent forward for delivery they were perfumed and tied with a silken thread, the ends of which were sealed with common wax.

The usual garments of the Romans were the toga and the tunic; the former a loose woollen robe of a semicircular form and without sleeves; the latter a close white garment worn, when abroad, under the toga, but alone in the house. The men usually went bareheaded. For the feet the usual

coverings were the buskin and the sandal. The buskin reached about half-way up the leg; the sandal was a mere sole fastened to the foot by straps and buckles.

I have now told you all that I can tell you at present about the history, the manners and customs, and all other matters relating to the ancient Romans.

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